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LAUNCH OF THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "PRINCE GEORGE," AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD, BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON AUGUST 22.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Is the "penny dreadful" and its influence so very dreadful, I wonder? From the report we have lately had of cheap fiction, of which, it is true, there is enough and to spare, it appears that only a very small portion of it is pernicious, and that not nearly so bad as it used to be. When one considers what sort of literature Holywell Street used to offer to all comers, without let or hindrance, there is much to congratulate ourselves upon. Absolutely vicious fiction, such as schoolboys read two generations ago, with only the fear of the master before their eyes, is now prohibited by the law. As to lives of highwaymen and robbers, which I used to read myself with intense interest, they never evoked the slightest desire, so far as I remember, to "take to the road" or "burgle." One sympathised, of course, with their escape from "the minions of the law," but only as one sympathises with the heroes of the stage: their influence was as evanescent as it was unreal. It was thought at one time that the dramatic representation of "Jack Sheppard" would demoralise the youth of the lower classes, but the play has been acted again and again with no more evil effects than "Macbeth." It requires some imagination to put oneself in the place of a hero of fiction, which is not possessed by those brutal and callous natures that commit the crimes which coroners' juries attribute to the influence of "penny dreadfuls." It is a very easy way of accounting for what is amiss, and lays the fault upon persons with whom no one has any sympathy; but what is really at the root of the evil is the mildness with which acts of cruelty are treated by our judges and magistrates, and the total absence in our schools of the teaching of kindness and humanity. Of late years, it is true, a league has been formed by some philanthropic persons with this object in view; but its influence has not yet begun to be felt, or only in a very limited area. If, instead of fighting about dogmas, our Board schools should give their attention to inculcating in their pupils kindness to their fellow-creatures and dumb animals, they need not be afraid of the influence of a few contemptible periodicals. Another excellent plan would be the publication of wholesome literature addressed to the same class, of a stirring and adventurous kind. Such examples as I have seen of periodicals having this object in view are generally so feeble and vapid that they have no imaginative attractions whatever. A crusade against "penny dreadfuls" would be a ludicrous expenditure of force, and not very easy of accomplishment, like pursuing a wasp with horse-soldiers.

In the works of those authors who have written both prose and poetry it is probable that an idea is often used twice over, once in prose and once in verse, without any notice being taken of it. The vehicles of thought are so different that perhaps the author himself is unaware of the repetition. Among the most striking lines in "Marmion" is the speech addressed to that warrior on leaving Tantallon Castle by his host, the Douglas, to whom he had offered his hand—

My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.

In reading "The Abbot" the other day—I confess, not with so much enthusiasm as I could have wished—I came across a curiously similar passage. Mary is imploring Seyton to give Roland Graeme his hand; "Madam," he replies, "I am the servant of your Grace's throne, son to the most loyal man in Scotland. Our goods, our castles, our blood is yours. Our honour is in our own keeping."

A remarkable lecture upon mental phenomena has been recently given to the public by Sir James Crichton-Browne. It is, of course, eminently scientific, but also strikes one as being extremely sensible. Among other interesting observations, he warns us against too much credulity in the frequency of that indefinable feeling, which seems to have been experienced by many persons, "of what we are saying or doing having been said or done in a remote time; of our knowing perfectly well what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it." There are a good many people of whom we can predict with tolerable certainty what they will say next, and, indeed, given the subject, what they will say at any time; and it is this very class who, having borrowed the idea, and conceiving it to be significant of genius, are apt to bear witness to this singular mental condition. But, as Sir James says, it will be found upon inquiry that this condition is not so very common, and is, in fact, really confined to "the educated, refined, and neurotic" classes. Moreover, even to them it only occurs very seldom, and when it does so they make a note of it. Indeed, if it happens often, it is a sign that something is very wrong with him who experiences it, and is generally the forerunner of epilepsy. Many of us have had mysterious suggestions, more or less direct, of these phenomena, or have heard of them from persons so favoured; but, for my part, I have noticed that, like the appearances of the inhabitants of another world, they do not seem to impress one's informant so strongly as their peculiarity would seem to deserve. The most striking of these experiences

which I remember to have heard used to be related by a well-known clergyman of the Church of England. When a Cambridge undergraduate he went with a friend to spend the vacation at his father's rectory, which he had never visited, it having been only a few weeks before presented to him. It was a queer, picturesque old building, and the two young men went over it with amused interest. In some boyish freak the guest locked his young host up in the dining-room, the windows of which were some distance from the ground. But the captive did not think of the windows; no sooner was the key turned than the room and all that belonged to it seemed quite familiar to him, and standing on a chair, he removed a picture that hung over it, behind which was a flight of stairs that led him to the room above. Not only was he a stranger to the house, but the staircase in question was unknown to the new rector himself, so that he could not have been informed of its existence. When I first heard the story soon after the occurrence in question, it made a great impression upon me, and seemed to wear every appearance of truth, but it is quite possible that time has misled me as to the exact circumstances. Such experiences as I myself have had in this direction have been much more transient and immaterial, and if epilepsy follows in consequence of them, it must be a malady as easily come by as a cold in the head.

Another experience which Sir James asserts points quite as directly in the same sad direction is what he calls height-terror—the fright that seizes some persons on approaching the brink of a precipice. There is no such gruesome fear on this earth; and, indeed, it has certain attributes about it—of a nightmare kind—that seem to suggest the horrors of some other world; unlike most apprehensions, it is not to be overcome by familiarity. I have known sensible persons shrink with such horror from the "precipice path" at Dolgelly as is not to be described in words, and in a less degree even from the comparatively broad cliff walk at Lynton. No one who has ever been seized with this inexplicable terror while "crag fast" upon a mountain is likely to forget it. It seems to me—who have had this experience and never wish to leave level ground—that there can be no death so terrible as that of being pushed over a precipice. The very pictures of Alpine adventures give me a shudder. There was an illustration (by Cruikshank, I think) in Ainsworth's "Tower of London," where Simon Renard—a pretty employment, by-the-by, for an ambassador—is persuading Nightgall, with the point of his rapier, to jump out of a turret window, which haunted my dreams for years.

Mr. Grant Wilson, recently hanged for murder at Vicksburg, is attracting a great deal of pseudo post-mortem attention. He has been resuscitated, and is all right again except that he is deaf and dumb. This is a peculiarity not as yet observed in persons in his exceptional position. We have had several resuscitations of hanged criminals in England, and still more attempts to produce this not very desirable feat. In old times the law was by no means satisfied with hanging people unless they were hanged till they were dead. A servant-girl was hanged at Oxford in 1658 for murdering her child. Being carried away to be anatomised, Dr. Conyers, of St. John's College, brought her to life again; but "the bailiffs of the town, hearing of it, went to the house where she lay at midnight, took her out to the Broken Hayes [a place unknown to the present writer], and hung her on a tree there, at which the women [and no wonder] were exceedingly enraged."

In Germany, a century later, a notorious criminal showed signs of life on the dissecting-table, but the chief surgeon (being probably in want of a "subject") thought "if life were restored he would almost certainly misuse it," and plunged his knife into a vital part. About the same time William Duell, in England, "came to" under the same circumstances, it was supposed through the surgeons "letting a little blood from him," and in two hours sat up. His sentence was commuted to transportation. A highwayman named Gordon, a few years later, was sentenced to be hanged for murdering the Treasurer of the Temple. The Duke of Montague, who had heard that a French surgeon named Chovet could so open the windpipe as to prevent any fatal consequence from this mode of execution, procured permission to try the experiment, but, curiously enough, only on the understanding that Gordon was to open his own windpipe. This he was very loth indeed to do, for though people often voluntarily cut their throats they do not like to be dictated to. "After great persuasion he made a little incision, which Chovet supplemented, and when Gordon stopped his mouth and nostrils he received sufficient air through the hole to continue life; but when he took the next step and suspended himself, though the lungs still played the circulation of the blood was stopped, and Gordon died." When galvanism was discovered in 1803, it gave a great impetus to the attempts at resuscitation. Professor Aldini, nephew of the discoverer, Mr. Croake James informs us, experimented with other philosophers upon one Foster, who had been hanged for murder. The results upon the limbs and muscles were so terrible to witness that Mr. Pass, beadle of Surgeons' Hall, who was present, died on the spot from fright, while the patient was not resuscitated after all. This could hardly be called a successful experiment. Dr. Glover, who in his youth combined

the profession of actor and physician, was so unfortunate as to succeed in resuscitating a hanged highwayman at Cork. The malefactor claimed him as his second father, and demanded support from him for the rest of his life. He pursued the poor doctor to the theatre and appealed to him while he was acting, in a most inconvenient manner. In the end, the monster was provided for by his Frankenstein and shipped off to a colony.

The most curious case in connection with the resuscitation of criminals was that, perhaps, of "Half-hanged Smith." After he had been suspended at Tyburn for no less than fifteen minutes a reprieve arrived, and he was at once cut down and bled. When quite recovered he was asked what had been his feelings during the recent operation. He replied that "when he was turned off he for some time was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upwards; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze or glaring light which seemed to go out at his eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down, and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits, forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down." This lucky individual was afterwards tried for housebreaking, but got off through a flaw in the indictment, and a third time tried for another offence, "when, the prosecutor happening to die before the day of trial, he once more obtained that liberty which he had so ill deserved." Upon the whole, it seems most judicious not to resuscitate persons who have been hanged.

There is a suspicion abroad—let us hope, ill-founded; but not inexcusable under the circumstances—that the late rivalry as to speed between the two great railway lines was subsidised by the newspapers. When the General Election was over, the theatres closed, and nothing particular going on in the sporting world, the "Race to the North" made excellent copy. Apart from this advantage, why should any sane person be passionately anxious to go to Aberdeen—or even to get away from it—at the rate of a mile a minute? Extreme excellence in some lines of business is of greater consequence than a general satisfaction. It is better to have a few writers of genius, for example, than a great many of respectable talents. But we are not elevated—except when we are travelling by it and the engine blows up—by one or even two superlatively fast trains. What we want is to have no superlatively slow ones. If some of this unnecessary activity could be allotted to certain of our southern trains, how thankful we should be! They are ready with their excuses, of course. A dog got in the way of one of them twenty miles from town, and the engine man had to "slow"; ten miles further on this incident happened again. Such humanity was most gratifying to read of; but unfortunately, on close inquiry, it was elicited that it was the same dog, and he, of course, ran on the sleepers, while the engine ran on rails, which placed him at a serious disadvantage. These flying trains, again, grudge the seconds they lose at the intermediate stations, and start from them before their time. Now, instead of this superfluous energy—exceedingly inconvenient one would think to passengers who are in the habit of "cutting it fine"—how nice it would be if some of our other trains would be so good as even to keep time; instead of which, to those who travel by them, they seem only (as in the military profession) to "mark time." Why do people pant to go north at sixty miles an hour, while people who want to go south are thankful if they achieve half that rate? I observe that these fast lines (unlike the switchback) did not come back so fast as they went. Was it uphill?

A famous essayist has informed us that when one begins with murder, it is ten to one that in time we may go on to picking pockets, and end, perhaps, with telling untruths; and we have it upon their own authority that the Mexicans, who have never shrunk from crimes of violence, are now universally given up to the habits of procrastination. So serious has this become that they have canonised someone, presumably given to promptness and punctuality, under the name of St. Expedito, who being appealed to with the necessary faith, saves them from all consequences of their natural weakness. This has risen to such a pitch that "the Archbishop Guadalajara has issued a circular to his clergy protesting against such exaggerated devotion." All other Mexican saints have to take a back seat in the presence of this unauthorised newcomer. Whether he goes behind his worshippers (as recommended by our great novelist) with a bradawl, or uses less drastic measures, is not stated, but he makes his Mexicans hurry up. This is a saint who might be introduced into this country with advantage. Our suburban railway lines might well be dedicated to St. Expedito; the War Office, especially as regards its medals for active service, should be placed under his special protection; our washerwomen should be vowed to him; the givers of dinner-parties should entreat his influence with those baneful guests who think they add to their self-importance by keeping their fellow-creatures waiting; and above all things would St. Expedito find his proper place in our pulpits at the expiration of the first quarter of an hour.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "PRINCE GEORGE."
The new battle-ship *Prince George* was appropriately launched in the presence of the Duke of York, who was accompanied by the Duchess and by the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne). The ceremony on Aug. 22, at Portsmouth Dockyard, was witnessed by thousands of the public. Among the officials who were present were the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P. (First Lord of the Admiralty), Mr. Williamson (Director of Dockyards), Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., Rear-Admiral Fane, General Davis, the Mayor of Portsmouth, and Mr. Yates (Chief Constructor). The Duchess of York broke a bottle of wine against the ship's bow, and christened the vessel. She next severed the rope which was holding up the dog-shores, and, after a pause, the great battle-ship glided into the sea. The following particulars concerning the *Prince George* are of interest. Her length between perpendiculars is 390 ft.; extreme breadth, 75 ft.; mean draught of water, 27½ ft.; displacement, when fully equipped, about 15,000 tons.

She will be fitted with twin screws, each of which will be driven by an independent set of engines with three vertical cylinders, and of 6000-horse power, giving a total horse-power of 12,000 for both sets of engines. The amount of coal usually carried is 900 tons, but the vessel's total stowage capacity is 2200 tons. The disposition of her protective armour is similar to the *Majestic*, the arrangements combining the advantages of the turtle-back deck of the cruisers with those of the citadel armour of the former battle-ships.

The ammunition is also supplied to the guns through passages and trunks which are all either constructed of armour or are under protection of armour. The advantages gained by this arrangement over the unprotected broadside are obvious. The ship will be fitted with two masts with two fighting-tops on each. Each top will carry three three-pounder quick-firing guns, with all the necessary magazines and equipment. Each mast will also carry on a platform at its head a powerful electric light for signalling and searching purposes. The *Prince George* will be fitted with the new 12in. breech-loading steel and wire guns, which, though much lighter than the type fitted in previous battle-ships, will surpass them in power of penetration, and in consequence of their reduced weight will enable all fittings in connection with them to be reduced in size, rendering the whole of the machinery much lighter and easier to work, efficiency being thereby proportionately increased. These guns will be fitted in pairs in two armoured redoubts, one at each end of the ship, and will be mounted on revolving turntables, the whole being worked either by hydraulic or hand power.

No less than six search-light projectors, worked by three dynamos, each of 600 ampères, will be carried. Ten steam fans will be fitted for the purpose of ventilating the working and living spaces, two for ventilation of the engine-rooms, and eight for furnishing the forced draught for the boilers. The vessel will have a complement of 755 officers and men. The ship has been built under the supervision of Mr. J. D. Ford, Foreman of the Yard, acting under the instruction of Mr. E. Beaton, R.C.N.C., Constructor, and Mr. J. A. Yates, R.C.N.C., Chief Constructor.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT IN DUBLIN.

The city of Dublin showed a respectful enthusiasm on the occasion of the state entry of the Earl and Countess Cadogan to take up their viceregal duties in the capital of Ireland. The mail steamer *Connaught* brought the Lord Lieutenant and his family and suite to Kingstown Harbour, where a deputation at noon on Aug. 22 welcomed the Viceroy and presented an address. Shortly afterwards the party entered the special train, which was profusely decorated in honour of the event. At Westland Row station the Earl was received by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, Mr. W. Kenny, Q.C., Solicitor-General for Ireland, and other officials. Then a procession was formed, headed by the mounted metropolitan police, the Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General, the band of the 15th Hussars and escort of Cavalry, and Ulster King of Arms. The Lord Lieutenant next was seen riding on a grey charger, accompanied by Lord Wolseley and a brilliant staff. On the arrival of the procession at Dublin Castle, the Countess of Cadogan, who was in a carriage drawn by four horses and preceded by outriders, was presented with a bouquet. The first official act of the Lord Lieutenant, it may be here recorded, was the reception on Aug. 24 of a deputation from the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, which presented the Earl with a congratulatory address. Lord Cadogan

has thus commenced his viceregal duties with the prospect of popularity and the hope of prosperity, which every well-wisher to Ireland trusts will be realised.

NEW LAW OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.

Sir Richard Webster, who is Attorney-General for England for the third time, has only been a member of Parliament for ten years. Yet in that brief period—as Parliamentary life is reckoned—he has achieved a high reputation in addition to that gained at the Bar. Sir Richard throughout his career has, indeed, added success to success. Thirty years ago, beside graduating B.A., Thirty-Fifth Wrangler, and Third Class Classics, at Cambridge, he won the one-mile and two-mile races for his Varsity. To-day he can run through the lobbies of the House of Commons and the Law Courts faster than the majority of men. He was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1868, and became Q.C. ten years later, having meanwhile made a large practice on the South-Eastern Circuit. In patent, railway, and scientific cases his position was unrivalled. He worked, as a busy barrister must, early and late—more especially early. He followed Sir Hardinge Giffard, the present Lord Chancellor, in the representation of Launceston, just as one may prophesy he will succeed Lord Halsbury “in another place.” Since November 1885, Sir Richard—for he was knighted on his becoming Attorney-General in that year—has sat for the Isle of Wight. He has a delightful country seat near “the city of Cranleigh” (as the facetious nickname the Surrey village so much favoured by town celebrities), and there he usually spends his well-earned Sunday rest. Annually Sir Richard organises a cricket-

await the arrival of the torpedo, whose track is plainly distinguishable through the water. At the end of the run the torpedo leaps out of the water like a fish. The sea-boats get hold of it—a task of no little difficulty—and tow it back to the ship, when either it or another is fired, one from each tube. The effect of being at sea in a small boat is curious: occasionally you lose sight of the ship, with the exception of her funnels and masts, when in the dip of the sea. The boats are fully provisioned, have a compass, lantern, and a number of life-belts. There is some excitement and a small amount of danger, as torpedoes are somewhat erratic, and might take a fancy to run through either of the boats, with some damage to shins. Besides the usual crew, a signalman and a torpedo-man are taken on board—the former to answer signals from either ship or boat, and the latter to help make the torpedo fast for towing.

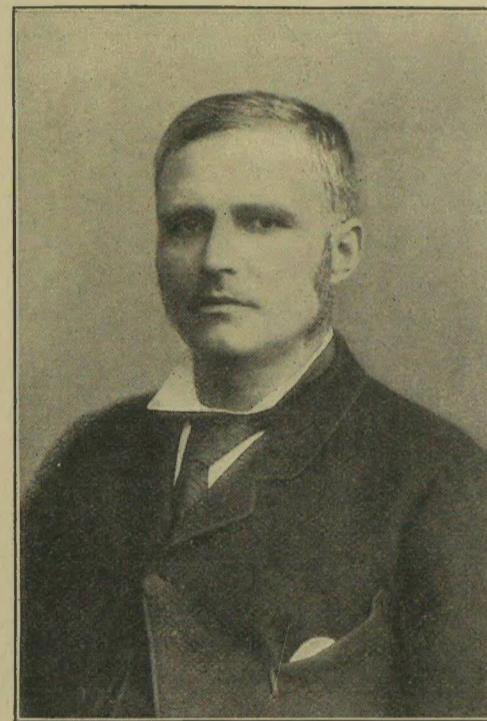
The method of towing is as follows: A rope is made fast to the nose and the other end to the tail; a second rope is then made fast about two-thirds from the tail so as to tow him with his nose off the boat. The torpedo-man keeps hold of this tow-rope all the time. On reaching the ship advantage is taken of a weather-roll or a calm bit of sea, and a huge pair of tongs are lowered and fitted round the torpedo, and he is hoisted on board at the gangway. There is still some excitement and uncertainty when hoisting the sea-boats up again.

PARLIAMENT.

For some mysterious reason the scheme of the Government for the reorganisation of the War Office was announced by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords without any previous intimation. In consequence, there were only eight Peers to hear the news. No corresponding statement was made to the Commons, and when Mr. Balfour was asked why, he said it was contrary to precedent. Seeing that the Commons are supposed to control the expenditure of the Army, it is not unreasonable for them to expect a little direct information on so important a subject as the new War Office constitution. Mr. Balfour does not think so. The scheme does not differ materially from the reforms outlined by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The Commander-in-Chief is to be assisted by a Board of Generals, and the Secretary for War is to have a consultative council. Each of the Generals is to be responsible to the Secretary for War, who is to be responsible to Parliament. Under this plan there will be no lack of advice, and there will be no Commander-in-Chief using his personal will as an insurmountable obstacle to change. Proceedings in the Commons have not been too sprightly. Lord George Hamilton was tackled about his views on the Indian cotton duties. He said he still adhered to the opinion



SIR RICHARD E. WEBSTER, G.C.M.G., Q.C., M.P.,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR ENGLAND.



MR. ROBERT BANNATYNE FINLAY, Q.C., M.P.,
SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR ENGLAND.

THE NEW LAW OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.

match against Charterhouse, his old school (of which he is a governor), which is one of the social events of the neighbourhood. The Attorney-General is a good musician, and may be often seen at the Popular Concerts; he has a splendid organ at Winterfold, on which he performs, and he has sung at village concerts more than once. Sir Richard is rightly proud of his work in connection with the Behring Sea Commission, while many of his countrymen recall with satisfaction the constant interest he has displayed on behalf of the prevention of cruelty to children.

Mr. Robert Bannatyne Finlay, Q.C., M.P., who will in due course soon have a knightly prefix, is the same age as Sir Richard Webster. He has attained to the honourable office of Solicitor-General for England after steady successes at the Bar. He is the son of an Edinburgh physician, and himself embraced the medical profession. Without, however, waiting for the profession to return the compliment, he wooed the law. If he had not become a famous advocate of difficult cases, there is a probability that he would have been as renowned in the field of medicine. At all events, four years after graduating M.D. at Edinburgh University he was called to the Bar. Then, in 1882, Mr. Finlay “took silk,” and three years later entered the House of Commons as Liberal representative of Inverness Burghs. In 1892 he suffered defeat as a Unionist, but at the last General Election was successful. He has spoken seldom, but always with effect, in Parliament, and in law courts he has a high reputation for thoroughness.

TORPEDO PRACTICE.

Our artist has chosen an unusual subject for illustration this week with regard to the Naval Manoeuvres. Not many people know the *modus operandi* for recapturing torpedoes. First, as is shown in his sketch, two sea-boats are lowered and pull towards a small barrel with a red flag in it, which is the target. The ship then steams past, shooting a torpedo at it. The duty of the boats is to watch this and

he had expressed in Opposition that the duties ought to be abolished; but a memorial had been presented to the Indian Government, and he waited their decision. As the Indian Government are strongly in favour of retaining the duties for financial reasons, they are not likely to change their minds because Lord George has not changed his mind. If Lancashire expects the Government to act on the Indian Secretary's opinion, in direct opposition to the Indian Government, Lancashire is in a fair way to be disappointed. Mr. Gibson Bowles is endeavouring to make the Treasury Bench regret that he is not a member of the Ministry. Time was when Mr. Bowles and Mr. Hanbury hunted in couples. Now Mr. Bowles asks awkward questions, and Mr. Hanbury has to answer them. The coining is extremely interesting to the member for King's Lynn. Assisted by a coin extracted from the pocket of Mr. Talbot, he dilated on the absurdity of making no plain distinction between the four-shilling piece and the five-shilling. Mr. Hanbury meekly admitted that something was to be said for this view. Then the Financial Secretary to the Treasury was called on to explain why a certain Mr. Bliss, engaged in researches in the library of the Vatican, had translated *nullo medio* as “by no means.” Mr. Healy was very inquisitive on this point. There was also a great desire to know why officials in the Public Record Office were paid allowances independently of their salaries. Dr. Clark stood aghast at such extravagance. From these matters the House passed to the Irish votes, and Mr. Healy delivered a general excommunication of the Government, and of Mr. Gerald Balfour more especially. All this was quite in accordance with regulation; but the monotony of Supply was disturbed by a startling ruling from the Chair. Mr. J. W. Lowther declared that no member must use arguments already employed by other members. If this ruling were literally carried out, the House would be reduced to silence. Very few members can get on in debate without repeating what has already been said. “Fresh light on the question” is what Mr. J. W. Lowther exacts in Committee. To members who recall the debates on the Home Rule Bill this dictum is distinctly piquant.

THE RECORD RAILWAY JOURNEY OF THE WORLD.

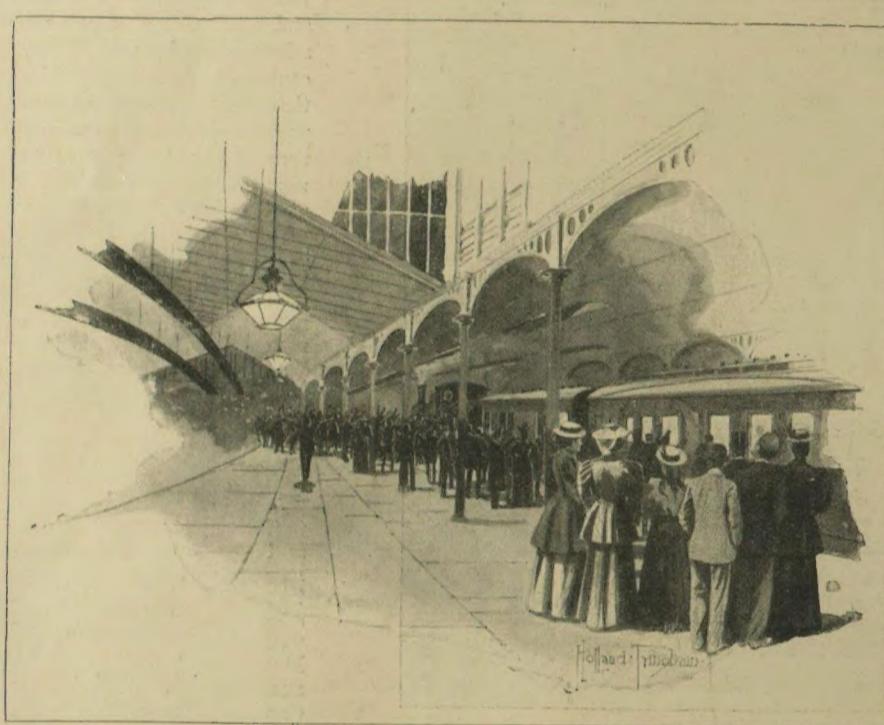
Everyone who travels has been interested in the remarkable competition between the East and West Coast routes to Aberdeen. The crowning achievement was reached on Thursday, Aug. 22, or rather on Friday morning, when the distance of 540 miles between Euston and Aberdeen was covered in 512 minutes. Our artist, Mr. Holland Tringham, who contributes some sketches of this "record" journey, gives his experiences as follows—

"I went last Thursday evening to King's Cross, only to learn that the East Coast route had stopped racing. However, they sent me to Euston, where, five minutes after my arrival, I was hustled into the train which was to accomplish the fastest railway journey in the world. You had to fight your way through the crowd on the platform, so intense was the excitement felt in the business by the public. They stared at our engine, the Adriatic; they discussed in loud tones the rivalry between the two lines; and finally, as we rushed out of the station, they cheered—well, as if Grace had made another century. At each of the three stations where we paused en route it was just the same—crowds, conversation, and cheering. Soon after the train left London, a great thunderstorm made our trip all the more extraordinary. Not that we heard much of the thunder, for the din of our headlong gallop made that impossible. But the constant lightning flashes and pelting rain just added a supernatural lurid background to the mad, onward rush of the fastest journey on record. Did

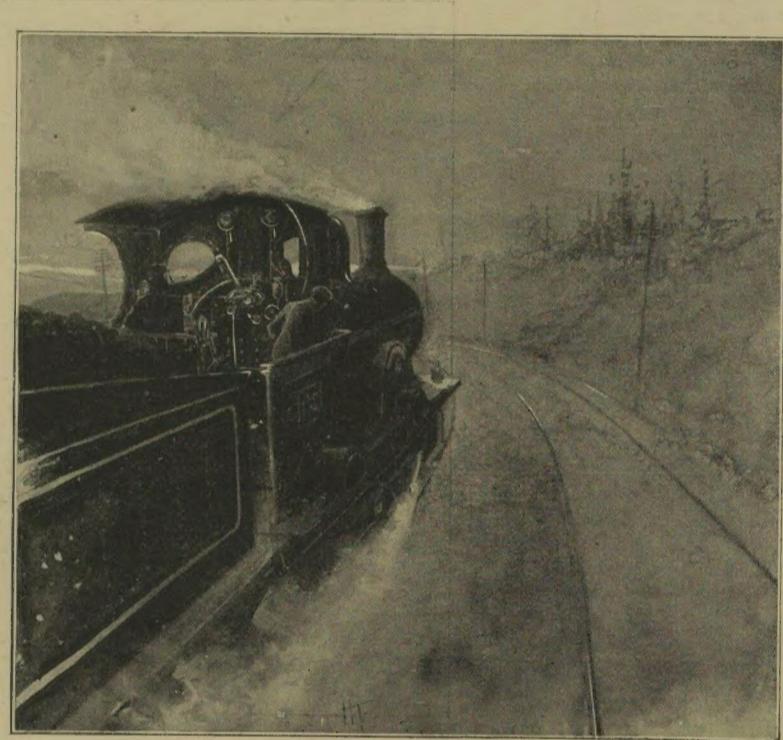


CROOKES AND HIS MATE ON ENGINE NO. 90, AFTER THEIR DASH FROM CARLISLE TO PERTH.

insurance policy one could get. We flashed into Carlisle at thirty-five minutes past midnight, and again changed our engine in two-and-a-half minutes. I never saw such smart work; in fact, it was almost too smart to see! At Perth we arrived by 3.7, and here 'No. 17,' a famous engine, was tacked on. That last 'lap' was extraordinary. Just as morning light was spreading over the Granite City by the silver sea, the train ran into Aberdeen, at 4.32. The enthusiasm was tremendous, and Soutar, the driver, and his mate were taken shoulder-high to the refreshment-bar. They must have needed something after so thrilling an experience. No, I cannot say I enjoyed the journey, for it was a trifle too exciting, and I was not sorry that our train next day to London was much more leisurely. I shall not forget one of my fellow-passengers, who had joined the train under the impression that all the racing was over. His face, shortly after we had left Willesden and were going at a tremendous rate, was a study. I wish the carriage had not been shaking so much, or I would have given you a sketch of him. But I had enough difficulty in making the drawings which you see on this page, for there was only the chance of a momentary glimpse in which to get materials. As for luggage, why, they apparently never reckoned about that being removed from the train, for it would have taken far too long to accomplish. The one idea was to beat the record, and this was achieved. I expect the cost of these "rush" journeys was considerable, for, of course, there were far fewer

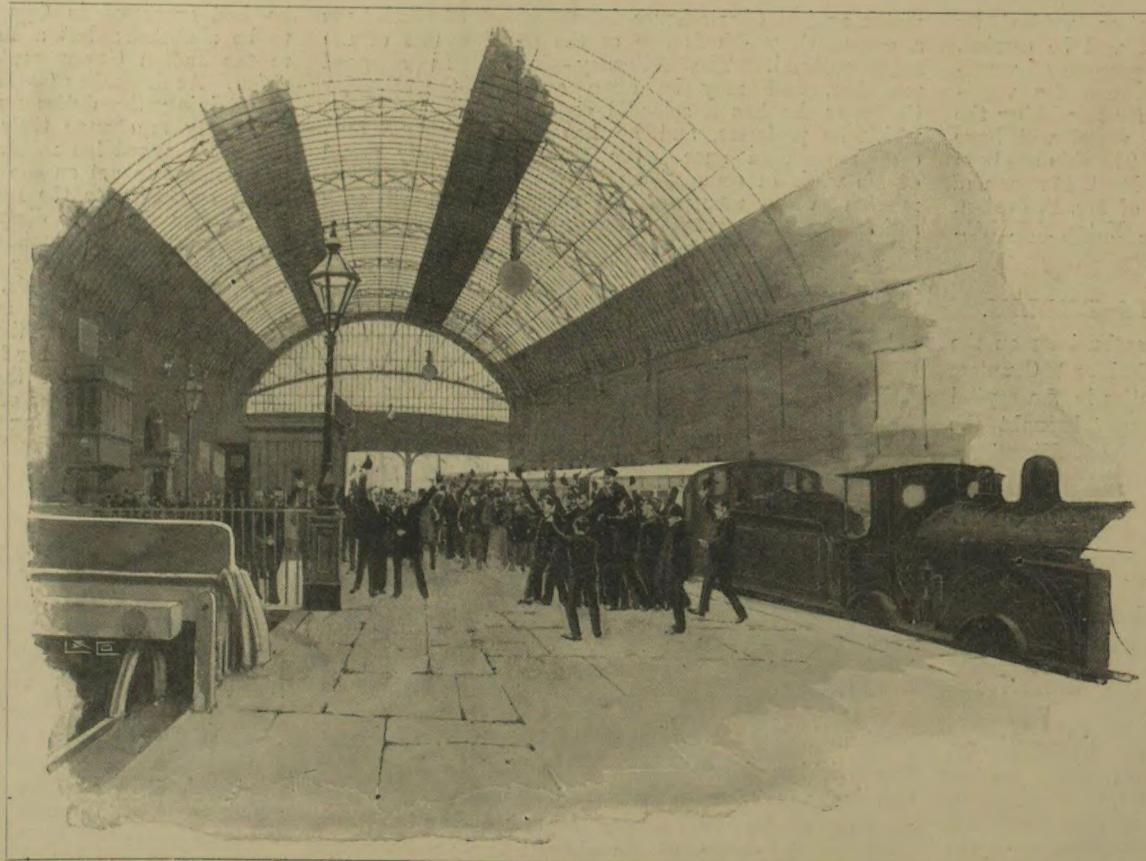


LEAVING EUSTON FROM NO. 8 PLATFORM.
Sketch by our Special Artist.



THE "ADRIATIC" APPROACHING CREWE.
Sketch by our Special Artist.

I see anything of the scenery? Well about as much as the American who thought he saw a cemetery because of the rapidity with which the train had passed the milestones! Our train, by the way, consisted of the engine, followed by a bogie brake van, a sleeping-car and a composite third-class and first-class carriage. I was in the sleeping-car, and really managed, despite the oscillation, to have occasional naps. They were only brief, I can tell you. Round the curves we swished and down the declines we dashed till one lost all wish for sleep. The first hundred miles were done at the rate of sixty-four miles an hour; at Crewe, which was reached at 10.27, the engine was changed in less than no time for the 'Hardwicke,' and up Shap Fell we were soon rushing. Down the succeeding valley the rate was seventy-three miles an hour, and I began to wish I was carrying *Tit-Bits*, *Answers*, and in fact every



ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AT ABERDEEN JOINT STATION: THE CROWD CARRYING SOUTAR, THE ENGINE-DRIVER.
Sketch by our Special Artist.

passengers than ordinarily go, and the consumption of coal was very great. The officials seemed to have their whole hearts in the business, and their enthusiasm was quite contagious. As a member of the public I am naturally interested in the reduction of time spent in covering long distances, and as this will be the result of the races, one must honestly congratulate the West Coast route on their work. We shall ultimately be the gainers for this record race." Then Mr. Tringham, quite in the spirit of an express passenger, did a "record" run downstairs. He always was an alert artist, but since his railway adventures his friends have noticed that his pencil travels faster than ever, while the speed with which this chat was conducted almost eclipsed the record for rapid utterance established by the late Phillips Brooks. Such is one of the results of travelling by express trains!

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.

SOME ARMENIAN FACTS AND FORECASTS.

Apropos of the anniversary of the Sassun massacre, I had written a correspondent, the pleasure of a long talk with Dr. Aslan, the Armenian gentleman who is acting as guide, philosopher, and friend to the Sassun refugees in this country. Dr. Aslan is himself an Armenian, who has lived for many years in New York and in various European countries; he talks excellent English and even better French, and is altogether a very favourable specimen of the Armenian who has had a chance to let his mind expand.

"I take it our accusations are proved up to the hilt now," he said. "On the top of the story we had to tell—my friends, you know, were in the thick of the massacre at Sissun, and only escaped with their bare lives, after the woman had seen her baby and two aunts cut to pieces before her face by soldiers, from whom she escaped whilst they fought for her jewels—have been added as a climax Dr. Dillon's revelations."

"I suppose there was some truth, though, in the assertion that some of Dr. Dillon's original telegrams were cooked?"

"Yes, to this extent, perhaps, that the dates and places of dispatch were purposely confused, in order to prevent the authorities having a clue to the whereabouts of Dr. Dillon. You know, he went about in native dress most of the time, to elude the police spies. Ah! in this country you can't conceive the difficulty that a foreigner has in getting at the truth of anything in Armenia. Everything is dressed up for him to see; model villages, even, are prepared for him to visit, with the pain of death for any native who protests; and so your traveller goes home singing the praises of the Sublime Porte."

"But the real picture is a very different one?"

"How can you in England realise it?—what it means to live in a country where your life, your women's honour, your home, are all at the mercy of any ruffian that may demand them. The best way to show how bad things are getting is to point out that at last my countrymen are beginning to remember that they were once a warlike nation, and to resolve that instant death, even lingering torture, is better than to stay longer under the mercies of the Turk."

"Then things have not always been so bad, of course?"

"Not so bad. You see, we in Turkish

Armenia have always been more or less under the dominion of the Kurds. Once, as I suppose you know, our Armenian empire or kingdom stretched far and wide on all sides of Mount Ararat. The Armenian of those days was a patriarchal shepherd and tiller of the ground, famed amongst his neighbours for bravery in the fight and plenty in the homestead."

"Surely, if report does not belie it, the Armenian character has changed a little since then?"

"Naturally. We have had little chance to practise the art of war, though many of the bravest and most faithful soldiers of the Russian Army have been Armenians. As for intelligence—you know the proverb, 'It takes four Greeks to cheat a Jew, and two Jews to cheat an Armenian.' Armenia might have been the brightest jewel in the Sultan's crown with moderately good government. But we are tired of being the milch cows of the Kurds and the officials."

"The Kurds alone would not have been so bad?"

"The Kurds, at least, had some moderation, and as much sense of justice as robbers can show. They did not, as you say, wish to kill the hen that laid the golden eggs. So they always stopped their aggressions short at the point of killing the Armenians on whom they preyed, or of driving them desperate. But it is different now. Nothing but our destruction will satisfy the Porte; nothing but our freedom will satisfy us."

"Then you believe that the change in Armenian conditions of life is the outcome of serious policy at Constantinople?"

"That is what we are all convinced of. In an Eastern country nothing is done without the knowledge of the central government, be sure of that. My impression is that the Sultan had got tired of this eternal Armenian

"So I should think you all admit. You know, of course, that Russia was prepared to settle the Armenian question nearly twenty years ago. In the sixty-first clause of the Treaty of Berlin it was provided that Turkey was to grant just reforms to Armenia, and Lord Salisbury has admitted his responsibility, as one of the English representatives in the matter. Then again, at the time of the secret treaty of Great Britain and Turkey, when Cyprus was ceded to Great Britain, it was agreed by the first clause in the treaty that Armenia was to have justice."

"Then what can the Powers do for you beyond extracting new promises?"

"Give us a European governor, with the power to enlist the native Armenians into his gendarmerie, and to put down brigandage and oppression with a strong hand. In

the meantime, that is all we ask. Never mind what is to follow. If I hope to see one day a free and independent Armenia, making the desert—what is it?—to blossom like the rose, I am but expressing the desire that so many of my countrymen all over the world are now daring to feel. But don't leave us to suffer—how you can have no conception, you that live in England—until the Empire of Turkey falls to pieces or succeeds in exterminating us. Even if we were to rise up and succeed in saving ourselves with the strong hand, it would not be a pleasant thought for Great Britain that she had left us to our own devices after preventing Russia from giving us comparative peace a score of years ago. That is why we are confident that our appeal to the chivalry and humanity of your great nation cannot be in vain."

THE GREAT FIRE AT BLACKFRIARS.

Before midnight on Saturday, Aug. 24, a fire commenced in a granary on Hanbury's Wharf, west of Blackfriars Bridge, which developed into one of the greatest conflagrations which has been seen for years on the borders of the Thames. A constable in Upper Ground Street was the first to notice smoke issuing from the upper windows of the lofty warehouse which was used by Mr. J. Ferguson as a granary. Within a quarter of an hour, firemen and engines were proceeding from all quarters of London to subdue the rapidly spreading flames. Multitudes on the Victoria Embankment watched the striking scene opposite, while on Blackfriars Bridge crowds

speedily collected. The efforts of the numerous firemen were seriously handicapped by the low tide of the river, as well as by the difficulty of access to the burning building. A barge which was lying off Hanbury's Wharf caught fire, and sank. Three hours after the first outbreak, most of the engines and fire-brigades were dispatched home, as the seven floors, each 100 feet by 45 feet, were burnt out, and there was nothing further to be done. During Sunday hydrants were worked to quell the smouldering embers, and men were on duty to prevent danger by falling ruins. It is an extraordinary and happy circumstance that no loss of life nor accidents had to be chronicled in connection with this fire. Besides the granary, the adjoining coffee-house, private dwelling-place, and the premises of Messrs. Guittet and Co., A. W. Doery and Co., Jackson's Millboard and Paper Co., and Messrs. T. Powell were injured. The picture of the fire was lurid in the extreme, and thousands remained for hours watching the red reflection in sky and river.



THE GREAT FIRE AT HANBURY'S WHARF, BLACKFRIARS, ON AUGUST 24.

question, and thought the way to silence it was to put an end to the Armenians. But it is not easy to exterminate a whole nation, and I have every confidence that my countrymen will hold out until Christian Europe comes to their assistance."

"Then," I asked, "you feel no doubt about the upshot of the matter?"

"Is it not clear," said Dr. Aslan, with enthusiasm, "that the Turkish Empire is falling to pieces? The only question for us is whether we shall be set free to form an independent state or fall into the hands of Russia."

"And I suppose you do not care much which happens?"

"Pardon me, we care very much indeed, though Russia's mercies would be more tender than those of Turkey. But we would much rather look forward to becoming an independent nation. It is to Great Britain that we still look to fulfil her duty to Armenia."

"This country, of course, in your view," I said, "has a special responsibility in the matter."

PERSONAL.

The debate in the Commons on the affairs of the Public Record Office led to one diverting error of the press. Mr. Gibson Bowles wanted to know why so much money was expended on "investigations at St. Magnus." A member asked where St. Magnus was; and Mr. Bowles said he supposed it was in Spain. Mr. Hanbury also talked gravely about St. Magnus, which really has no existence except in a reporter's blunder. The place really mentioned in the House is Simancas, where the Spaniards keep some of the most valuable of their historical archives, and which is so freely mentioned in Mr. Froude's pages. For the last fifty years or so Señor Gayangos, one of the greatest scholars in Europe, has been making investigations at Simancas for the Public Record Office. His researches relate chiefly to the time of Henry VIII. The Elizabethan period has been studied for some years past by Major Martin Hume, whose publications under the authority of the Historical Manuscripts Commission are of the greatest value. Mr. Gibson Bowles's notion of the Public Record Office as a sort of lumber-room for "old papers" is extremely diverting to historical students.

The appointment of Mr. Finlay to the Solicitor-Generalship has caused some heart-burning. It is coincident with Mr. Kenny's appointment as Irish Solicitor-General; and as both gentlemen are Liberal Unionists, there is not a little grumbling in the other wing of the Ministerial party. Mr. Finlay's accession to office brings up the number of Scotchmen in the Government to ten. In the late Government the Scotch contingent numbered only eight. Probably the time is coming when every office-holder will hail from beyond the Tweed, and then the burning question whether the inhabitants of these islands ought to be styled the "English people" will be settled by an Order in Council making the wearing of kilts compulsory.

The Marquis of Lothian has had a curious experience as a candidate for a County Council. His name appears to have been entered in the ballot-paper as "Kerr," and an elector was heard to exclaim, "Kerr! Who's Kerr?" As a ballot-paper cannot accommodate a nobleman's whole style, he has to be content with his simple patronymic, which reduces him to obscurity in a County Council election.

Mr. Gladstone is this week the guest of Lord Norton, one of his closest friends, though opposed to him in politics. Mrs. Gladstone's description of Lord Norton as the "kindest of dear William's enemies" ought to be the motto of the Adderley family. Lord Norton, when he was Sir Charles Adderley, was Minister of Education under Lord Beaconsfield, and certainly a sounder and a riper Tory was never seen. His personal affection and admiration for Mr. Gladstone has survived all the storm and stress of the Home Rule controversy.

Mr. Labouchere is understood to have returned to the Continent in disgust. He came over with the belief that the finishing blow was to be given by him to Lord Rosebery's leadership of the Liberal party. A few days at the House of Commons convinced him that whatever the Radicals might think of Lord Rosebery, they were not enthusiastic for Sir William Harcourt.

Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and Miss Ailsa Craig (Miss Terry's daughter), sail from Southampton

It is possible that Lord Salisbury may not be eager to tap the reservoir of poetry in Ballykilbeg for the benefit of the nation. The chances are that the Laureateship will not be filled in our time.

By the death on Aug. 20 of Dr. John Syer Bristow, M.D., F.R.S., LL.D., F.R.C.P., the medical profession has sustained a serious loss. Not only in London, where he had practised for many years, but all over the United Kingdom, his name was known in connection with "The Theory and Practice of Medicine," a text-book very familiar to medical men. Dr. Bristow was a medical officer of health for Camberwell for nearly thirty years, and took deep interest in the duties and status of such an office. He was President of the Hospitals' Association, and had given much energy and thought to that body. With St. Thomas's Hospital Dr. Bristow had been linked for forty years, and he was consulting physician at the time of his decease. In other directions he had won professional respect and private esteem, and in the sixty-eight years of his life he made many friends and accomplished much good.

The railway racing to Scotland has come to an abrupt end, and people are asking what is the good of it. If it has achieved any useful purpose, why has it been given up? There is reason to believe that the companies have succumbed to pressure either from the public or from the Board of Trade. It is all very well to maintain that travelling at sixty or seventy miles an hour is no more risky than travelling at fifty miles an hour; but, as Mr. John Burns says, it is idle to pretend that the higher rate of speed is not an increased strain on the engine-drivers and on all the officials who are responsible for keeping the line clear. So far as the public is concerned, imagination counts for a good deal; and if a man fancies he is not so safe at seventy miles an hour as he is at fifty, this would account for the public objection to the racing. Besides, what is the particular gain of reaching Aberdeen an hour earlier?

Jane Cakebread is, in a sense, one of our modern English heroines. She has made two hundred and seventy-seven appearances in the police-court on the charge of drunkenness, and is, apparently, very far from the end of her public career. The despair of magistrates and philanthropists, Jane may be said to have conquered the resources of civilisation. Her friends will not or cannot help her; a

cell retains her only a few days or weeks. Even the suggestion of Lady Henry Somerset that she should be taken to a beautiful home for inebriates is not very promising, for it is quite certain that, after making things "hum," as the Americans say, in that beautiful home, Jane would soon return to public life. To some people this remarkable woman presents a far more important problem for philanthropic statesmanship than is presented by the unconverted inhabitants of China.

The Royal Humane Society has just awarded several medals for acts of bravery. The Rev. R. Peek, the new rector of Drewsteignton, Devon, has received one for rescuing a young French lady from drowning. Mr. Peek jumped overboard, fully attired, and though thus handicapped, he sustained the young lady for several minutes until the arrival of help. Miss Kate Verity has worthily earned a medal for rescuing a child from drowning at Linton Falls, near Skipton. A native soldier in the Chitral Relief Expedition is among the others who have been honoured for bravery.

The Queen of Madagascar is a woman to be pitied. She sits at her Council-board and asks what has become of the troops sent to demolish the French. Nobody answers for half an hour, and then a remorseful Minister tells her that all the stories about beating the enemy are lies. Upon this the Prime Minister jumps up, and denounces the previous speaker as a traitor. When she has had enough of this, the Queen quits the Council and tries to distract her mind with a little gambling. Such is the *haute politique* of Madagascar from day to day.

The British agent at Sofia, Mr. Elliott, appears to have had the misfortune to offend Prince Ferdinand. The offence cannot be personal, for Mr. Elliott was only lately appointed, and the Prince knows nothing of him. However, an audience was refused to Mr. Elliott, and this is

supposed to be Prince Ferdinand's way of expressing his displeasure at British public opinion. Certainly he has extremely few friends in this country now, and he is not going the right way to restore himself to favour.

King George of Greece is spending the first part of his holiday in Paris. His fine tall figure may be seen in the boulevards or strolling through the Champs Elysées, where he enjoys the same freedom as distinguishes him in his own capital. He will presently join the family party which annually the King and Queen of Denmark invite, where already his sister, the Princess of Wales, has arrived. There is no doubt that the King of the Hellenes is one of the handsomest members of European royal families, and his good humour is irresistible.

A curious complication has arisen between the Foreign Office and the Belgian authorities of the Congo State. An English trader named Stokes was hanged in the Congo State after a trial alleged to have been quite informal. He was accused of selling munitions of war to tribes engaged in hostilities against the Congo State forces. The execution was carried out with some haste, and it is said that the prisoner was not allowed to communicate with anybody who might have assisted him in his defence. The matter is being investigated by the Foreign Office, but at present it is involved in some obscurity, and opinions as to the personal character of Mr. Stokes show a surprising variance.

The daughter of Mr. W. D. Howells, the popular American author, has inherited much of her father's ability as a writer. Miss Howells is also talented as an artist, and once illustrated a book by her father. She has recently completed a volume of stories, which are pleasant and interesting.

Slatin Pasha has left England for Vienna. He was delighted with the gracious interest taken in the incidents of his life by the Queen, who commanded his presence with Major Wingate at Windsor. His present plan is to travel to Egypt about the end of October, returning to England before his departure. He has heard "the East a-calling," and cannot resist the summons.

MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN,
AND ITS BENEFACTOR.

Mr. Charles Mitchell, who died on Aug. 22, will be held in honoured remembrance not only in Newcastle, where his benevolence was widespread, but also in Aberdeen, the city of his birth. Always taking the liveliest interest and pride in the Granite City, he had given since 1891 no less than £30,000 towards enlarging and beautifying the University, of which he was an alumnus. The heightening of the central tower of Marischal College—now called the Mitchell Tower—and the building of some of the new schools, had been completed, when Mr. Mitchell died. The remainder of the extension scheme is in hand—a scheme which bids fair to make Marischal College, where the Law and Medicine are assigned, the most imposing pile of buildings in Aberdeen. The view here given of the completed front is photographed from a model made by order of Mr. Mitchell. This noble generosity to the city where he was born and educated has added a special—now a sad—interest to the approaching celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the University of Aberdeen. Mr. Mitchell's career had in it so many striking incidents that it is difficult to particularise them. He was apprenticed to engineering, and gradually developed a shipyard at Low Walker, on the Tyne. The Russian Government, having often had dealings with Mr. Mitchell, invited him to St. Petersburg in 1862, when they were desirous of turning one of their dockyards into a shipyard for manufacturing ironclads. For his services on this occasion the Grand Duke Constantine gave Mr. Mitchell a magnificent snuffbox of great value. It was in 1882 that the Walker yard became amalgamated with the Elswick works, and the firm of Sir W. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., was the result. Mr. Mitchell continued to take an energetic part in the direction of the company, which at the present time has 15,000 men in its employ. His liberality was wisely directed, and, in the case of Marischal College, will have wide-reaching results. The degree of LL.D. which the University of Aberdeen conferred upon him was both deserved and appreciated. Mr. Mitchell died at Jesmond Towers, near which stood St. George's Church, erected at his expense. He was seventy-five years of age.

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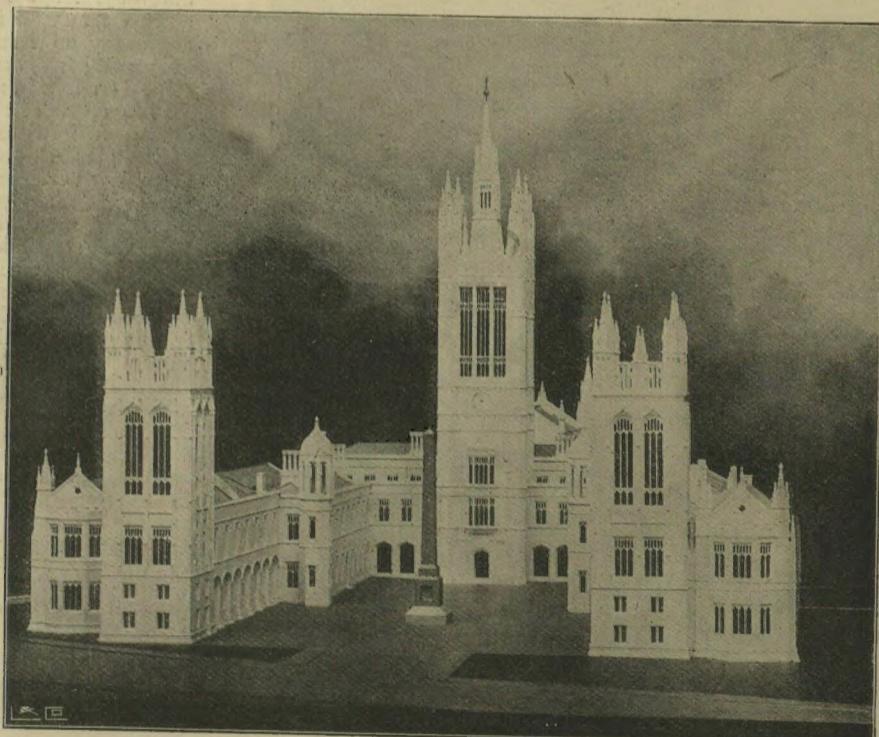
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MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN, WITH ITS PROJECTED EXTENSIONS.

on Aug. 31 for New York, and will be closely followed by the Lyceum company. From New York they journey to Montreal, where the tour will open on Sept. 16. There is no truth in the statement that Sir Henry is to be entertained at a public banquet on his arrival in New York.

Mr. Toole has so far recovered from his long illness that he will reappear at his theatre in London next week. At the end of September his lease of Toole's Theatre expires and will not be renewed, but he will have little difficulty in obtaining a house if he should be disposed to pursue his career of active management.

Nobody knows why Mr. William Johnston of Ballykilbeg should take a special interest in the vacant Laureateship. Perhaps Ballykilbeg has a bard whose claims Mr. Johnston wishes to press upon a perverse generation. He put a question to Mr. Balfour in the House, and Mr. Balfour gravely replied that he would consult the Prime Minister.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen on Saturday, Aug. 24, at Osborne, Isle of Wight, held a Council, received an Address from the House of Commons, and gave audience to the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. On Tuesday, Aug. 27, in the evening, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, her Majesty left Osborne for Balmoral, arriving there next day in the afternoon.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been at Homburg; the Princess of Wales and her daughters, since Aug. 22, at Copenhagen, with the King and Queen of Denmark; the Duke and Duchess of York have gone to Sandringham.

The troops from Aldershot and Portsmouth assembled, under direction of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, in the New Forest country, near Romsey, to perform field manoeuvres, had their first field-day on Monday, Aug. 26. They were divided into two supposed hostile forces, commanded respectively by General Sir Charles Warren and General Sir W. F. Butler, each consisting of two brigades of infantry, with cavalry and artillery, contending for the line of communication between Weymouth and Southampton, where the enemy had landed,

on Friday, Aug. 23; and on Saturday there was a festival demonstration at the Crystal Palace, with an exhibition of flowers, fruit, and vegetables organised by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, and with a grand performance of vocal music in the Handel Orchestra. Mr. E. O. Greening generally conducted the business of the Congress, while its successive presidents and vice-presidents, from day to day, included Earl Grey, the Hon. T. Brassey, Mr. Hodgson Pratt, Mr. Frank Harden, of Oldham, Mr. J. C. Gray, Mr. Joseph Greenwood, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, and others. Several French, Belgian, Dutch, German, Italian, and American delegates took part in the proceedings, and presented reports. An International Alliance, with a standing committee, was created to promote industrial co-operation, by workshops for production, and by stores for distribution, upon the principles of property, liberty, and participation in profits, as set forth by the late Mr. E. Vansittart Neale. A special resolution was passed, on the motion of Earl Grey, after an address from the Hon. Horace Plunkett, M.P., recommending this system for the relief of agriculture.

London and the South of England were visited with sharp thunderstorms and violent bursts of rain and hail, in the morning and in the evening, on Thursday, Aug. 22.

The Italian police and gendarmes near Girgenti, in Sicily, have arrested forty-two persons belonging to the brigand associations connected with the "Mafia" secret society, in one village, accused of acts of pillage, murders, kidnapping, and other crimes.

The newly appointed Turkish Commissioner for Armenia, Shakir Pasha, with his staff, consisting entirely of Mussulmans, left Constantinople on Aug. 25 for Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis, Diarbekir, Kharput, and Sivas. The British, Russian, and French Ambassadors continue to demand European control and supervision of the government of those provinces.

From a statement made in the House of Commons on Monday by the Hon. G. N. Curzon, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, it appears that the British Minister at Pekin, Sir Nicholas O'Conor, as well as the American Minister, has remonstrated with the Chinese Government against the conduct of the local authorities at Ku-cheng, and orders have been given that the British Consul from Foo-chow shall take part in the inquiry concerning the massacre of English missionaries and ladies. The rumour of gross misconduct and pillage committed by the troops of the escort has not been confirmed. The telegraph to Pekin



STATE ENTRY INTO DUBLIN OF EARL CADOGAN, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

See "Our Illustrations."

Photo by Robinson and Sons, Dublin.

the headquarters of the defending force being at Salisbury. Sir William Butler's force, encamped at Godshill, had an entrenched position on Hampton Ridge, which was attacked by the troops of Sir Charles Warren from his encampments at Rockford and Ocknell. The umpire was Sir Francis Grenfell, whose verdict will be published. In the long march from Aldershot, on two or three hot days, some of the soldiers fell out of the ranks from exhaustion, but they seem to have quite recovered on the field-day.

The arrangements made by the War Office for the reorganisation of the chief administrative staff of the Army, upon the retirement of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, to be succeeded by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief, were announced by the Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, on Monday, in the House of Lords. There is not to be a Chief of the Staff, as proposed by the Royal Commission of Inquiry over which Lord Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire) presided. The Adjutant-General, the Quarter-master-General, the Inspector-General of Ordnance, and the Inspector-General of Fortifications will be responsible each for his own department, with direct access to the Secretary of State, to whom they will present separate estimates; but they will form a Board presided over by the Commander-in-Chief. These officers will be summoned also to the Consultative Council of the Secretary of State.

The International Congress of Co-operative Societies ended its sittings at the Society of Arts' House, Adelphi,

six or seven persons were killed by the lightning at different places in the country, and some cattle and horses; many buildings also were damaged, and ricks set on fire.

An atrocious attempt to kill Baron Alfred de Rothschild, in Paris, by an explosive apparatus sent to him in a parcel through the post-office, took place on Saturday, Aug. 22. The parcel was opened at his house of business in the Rue Lafitte, by his clerk, M. Jodkowitz, who had a narrow escape of losing his life: his right eye was much injured, and three fingers of his right hand were badly burned. Some fulminate of mercury placed between two pieces of cardboard had been the ingredient of mischief. Anarchists are suspected of this crime.

A battle has been fought by the French army in Madagascar, which has about five thousand men ill in the hospitals, but has advanced into the interior a hundred and fifty miles, about halfway to Antananarivo. General Duchesne on Aug. 21 marched from Soanvadria with the Voyron brigade to attack the Hova fortified camp at Andriba. Fighting took place next day, when the French artillery compelled the Hovas to quit their position. They are expected to make another stand nearer the capital city.

At Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, an Inspector and Commissary of Police are charged with being implicated in the murder of the late M. Stamboloff. The Inspector has gone to Constantinople, the other has been arrested.

is out of order in consequence of floods, and communication is through Shanghai.

The construction of railways on the West Coast of Africa was commended by a deputation from the London, Liverpool, and Birmingham Chambers of Commerce to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, at the Colonial Office on Aug. 23. Mr. Chamberlain replied that there was hardly any portion of the British dominions which presented greater opportunities for a rapidly increasing trade. The Lagos railway was now almost commenced, the survey for the Gold Coast railway had been completed, and that for the Sierra Leone railway had been carried to 130 miles north-east from Freetown. Government would do what it could to assist those projects.

The Cape Colony Parliament, before its prorogation, had passed some Bills which had received the assent of the Governor, but the Bill for the annexation of Bechuanaland was sent by him to the Imperial Government, which requires the insertion of certain clauses providing for the welfare of the native population.

The Congo State officials between the Aruwimi River and Stanley Falls have been recently engaged in hostilities with the Arab and native slave-traders. An English trader named Stokes has been arrested by Captain Lothaire on the Ituri, found guilty of selling Winchester rifle cartridges to the enemy, and hanged. It is said he ought to have been sent for trial to Boma, at the mouth of the Congo, two or three thousand miles distant.



MUD PIES.—BY B. GENZMER.

From a Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl, Munich.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

RUSTLING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE time Jack Bevis spent in San Francisco before he went up to Las Rosas was not to be painted in mere words, even if he had told it, which, as a matter of fact, he never did wholly, not even to his most intimate friend. But if any observant stranger had taken the trouble to piece together the fragmentary reminiscences he occasionally indulged towards midnight when days were better, he might have got descending curves which went into the very abyss.

"When I didn't take my clothes off for three weeks," was one of his exordiums. That said a good deal when a man knew this was in a town, not on the prairie.

"I remember begging a breakfast in a Market Street restaurant when I'd been three days without food," was the commencement of another toned-down yarn.

"And one night, when I was crawling disconsolately down Sacramento Street, a miserable-looking son of a gun came up to me and said, 'For God's sake, Sir, give me ten cents to get a cup of coffee and a doughnut!', And I turned on him like an angry bear and told him that if I had half as much I'd get a doughnut myself."

All this indicated deep depths, and Bevis had been there. But after three months of it in the rainy season he struck a pal who "loaned" him fifty dollars and a lot of good advice and abuse.

"What the thunder do you do down on your flat in this city? A man like you! Gosh! don't I remember the words you used to get off on us up in the mountains! Why, some of them, properly applied, would have wrecked a heavy freight. What was that one you were always using, eh, old man?"

"Idiosyncrasy, do you mean?" asked Jack in a very disgruntled way.

"That's it, by the Holy Mackinaw, it's as long as a hayfork. And what's your're doin' bummin' about here fair beats me. Why, man, you've got education."

"Education be blowed!" said Jack, "what's the use of it here? I'd rather know a trade."

"Why, there's many a man running papers in San Francisco who knows a deuced lot less. I guess there's a weak place in you somewhere, or you'd try writing."

Jack leant against a post just outside the What Cheer hash-house, and opened up.

"Well, and so I did. I sent the *Morning Call* an article on tramps. I guess I know the subject. And I thought I wrote it up. But it was no good, and I took to cleaning windows, till no grub and no place to sleep wrecked my nerve. And I'm coming down to be a regular deadbeat. That's what I am."

But under the influence of a square meal and some whisky Jack cheered up greatly. When Golightly gave him the dollars he bought a rough suit of serge and some underclothing, and took a bath. After that he felt for a time capable of running the universe on the most aristocratic principles, and went out to admire himself on Kearney when the San Francisco women were fairly

jamming up the sidewalk. He didn't feel so many miles away from a decent woman then. Even one in clothes that cost a hundred times what he had left of his old partner's dollars appeared to him quite a human being, and not a far-off dream or an angelic vision. He went back to his den of a lodging-house, and took a front bed-room, which was more than six feet square, and looked out on the street, just there mostly confined to potato-merchants, and turned in after supper feeling like a man. For he had given something to eat to half a dozen of the waifs who lodged under the same roof with him, and the gratitude of some of that six was pathetic.

"I ain't hardly chewed for a week," said one old chap. But he was not referring to tobacco, he was thinking of the ten-cent meal he had just stowed away under his tattered coat. "If it hadn't bin for that Revival Johnny on Bush wot gives away soup I'd ha' bin harvested by this."

And he thanked Bevis effusively for aiding him to escape Death's Patent Reaper and Binder. And Jack said as he got away—

"That's all right, pard. I've been there myself." For after all, he wasn't a bad sort, though he had been squeezed and caught in the nip, and though he knew in a way it was all his own fault.

For when a man slings a two-pound-a-week job in England just because he can't stand being sat on by two official superiors, and comes down to nothing a month on the Pacific Slope, he forgets the deadly routine of his old day, and remembers the evenings and the comfortable nights.

"Eheu!" said Jack—for the beggar knew some Latin—"quam infortune felicem fuisse!"

He was a man without a place. He couldn't be fitted, and had been slung away by Fate. It was long odds against Destiny crawling after him in the dusthole of the West, and searching for him with a candle. And he knew that. But with a little cash he didn't care greatly, and as he fell asleep he pulled his red beard and smiled. "Well, I'm here first this time. To-morrow I'll look up old Johnny McIntosh."

When he rose he borrowed a pair of scissors from the man who ran the house for the owner, and trimmed his ragged beard into a point, making himself "quite a daisy," as one of the men remarked. After a breakfast in the Miners' Restaurant, he strolled to Pine Street, looking quite lord of himself. He stopped at the English Aid Society and walked upstairs into the office. The man he was looking for bustled in out of an inner room as he entered. He was white-headed and white-bearded, and though old, very active. He peered at Jack over the top of his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Well, and what can I do for you?" he piped out.

"You don't know me then, Mr. McIntosh?" asked Jack.

McIntosh put his paper down and stared. "Why, yes! God bless my soul! Why, I declare it's my University man that's come to grief and got out to California for heaven knows what! Ah! but he would never tell me. You young dog, I should like to know. And what are doing here again? And, no—yes—why you're quite respectable! God bless my soul!"

And Jack, who knew his ways, laughed and sat down.

"You know I always told you I wasn't a University man—"

"Oh, yes, you said so, but I'll bet you know Latin, now. Come, don't you?"

"I know a little," acknowledged Jack.

"Well, didn't I say so! Of course you're a University man. I can see it in spite of your clothes. Why, I saw it when you came here in rags, and I sent you to Petaluma, and gave you the money and you didn't go. And I always tell the committee about you. Oh, but it's a sad pity."

And the old man rambled on, piping like a bird on a bough. Before Jack could tell him his story or even begin it McIntosh burst in again—

"And are you hungry now? God bless my soul! Here, take these tickets and go and fill yourself up and come back, and see me some other time. I'm busy, busy."

"But I'm not hungry, Sir," said Jack.

"What! not hungry? Oh, very well then, perhaps you will be. Ha! got money? Well, I'm not surprised. I suppose your people sent it to you? I daresay they're quite rich. I think you've been a bad boy to come out like this. Why don't you go home and behave yourself like a respectable person, eh, eh?"

And he dropped his piping treble into a basso profundo, which shook Jack's gravity.

"My dear Sir," he laughed; "they're not rich, and I'm looking for a job. When I make enough I'll skin out fast enough."

"You want a job? Well, I'll see. Not window-cleaning, I suppose."

"I'd rather work on a ranch. Anything with horses and cattle in it," said Jack, "for I know them best. Even sheep will do."

McIntosh nodded.

"I'll see, and you come in every morning. And, by the way—yes—you're quite nice to look at. Will you do something for me?"

"Of course, I will," said Jack warmly, for the old man was as good a sort as was to be found east or west of the mountains, and he had helped Jack out of the tightest of places before the young fellow fairly grew ashamed of asking for help, though work that year wasn't to be got outside the penitentiary or the house of correction.

"Then," said the secretary, "you know, don't you, that I'm President of the Haydn Society?"

Jack nodded.

"And you know that Stapleton, the operatic impresario, has just got here from New York with his company?"

Jack shook his head.

"I didn't. I haven't been going much to the theatre lately. Nor to the Maison Dorée."

That was a swell restaurant. But the old man took no notice.

"Well then, here, you go and see him. I'm bringing part of my chorus to help him out, and he's giving me forty tickets. Fifth floor, Palace Hotel. Say I sent you, and don't come away without them. Not if it's all day."

And when Jack rose up McIntosh pushed him gently

out of the door and shut it. But when Jack got to the bottom of the stairs he heard his old friend yelling—

"And I'll give you two tickets for yourself."

"You never know your luck," said Jack, as he went down Kearney Street. "Yesterday I was as empty as metaphysics, and without a dime. And now I'm chock-full, and I hear the eagles screaming on the dollars in my pouch; and I'm going to the opera to-night. The Slope is a queer place."

When he got to the hotel and left the lift on the fifth floor, he found about two dozen people waiting.

"No, Mr. Stapleton wasn't in—very likely wouldn't be—most probably couldn't be in. And it was no good coming there at all."

That was the answer everyone got, but Jack took no notice, and sat down to wait. Every time the lift came up, the others bolted for it to waylay Stapleton; but Jack Bevis sat tight, being quite happy.

"I shall get him in time. He may do without some things, but he must have a chorus for his thundering performance. I'm all right."

So he devoted his attention to admiring the mulatto and quadroon housemaids, some of whom were, he thought, real "daisies." For one was like an Egyptian queen of the old, pure type, and another like a fair Cleopatra, very tall and majestic. And as he smoked a cigar he lay back and dreamed. He had almost tumbled off to sleep, for the seat was very comfortably cushioned, when suddenly he heard a rush and saw the eager two dozen charge towards the lift. When it opened the tall figure of the impresario appeared, and making one bull-rush of it he burst through the entreating gang, roared out "I'll see nobody today!" and, getting inside his room, slammed the door and locked it in their faces.

Then arose a babel of remonstrances in many dialects of United States, English, and Italian. They cursed him in various keys and consigned him to the depths of Hades, while Jack sat and roared. When they had expended their wrath the corridor cleared, and then Jack rapped at the door. Nobody took any notice for a long time, but at last he heard someone rush for the handle, and Stapleton presently put his face out in a blazing rage.

"What the devil did I say? That I couldn't see anyone!"

"Well," said Jack, "I'm no one in particular. All the people of importance went down in the lift cursing you. I've come for Mr. McIntosh's tickets. If you ain't ready I can wait."

And, after taking a good long look at him, Stapleton asked him to come in. He counted out forty tickets for the parquet and circle. "And here's one for you," he added.

"Thanks," said Jack; "I'm much obliged."

"And come every day the same time," said the great man. "They shall be ready."

Jack bowed himself out and winked at some imaginary person whom he constructed to enjoy the scene with him.

"So that's Stapleton. Well, he's a queer cuss! But, great Scott! if all I've heard about singers is true, he ought to be running an empire if he can hold them in."

That night he went off to the opera and saw, sitting next to McIntosh, a girl who made him quite forget the tawny Cleopatras of the Palace Hotel.

"But I'm little better than a confounded tramp!" he said. And the music made him very unhappy.

CHAPTER II.

LA ROSA.

During the ensuing fortnight Jack Bevis went every morning to see Mr. Stapleton and get the tickets. And as regularly every evening he went to the opera, where he usually saw the girl who had taken a strong hold of his quick imagination. For he knew she was beautiful, and she was as dark as damask rose. If it had not been for her he might have amused himself in other ways, in wild devilry down in the Barbary coast, as they call part of San Francisco; but as it was he went to hear "Faust" and "Carmen" and "Il Trovatore," and a dozen others with the persistence of a musical devotee. And when he saw old McIntosh he always had it on the tip of his tongue to ask who she was. But somehow he was a little abashed, and knowing how low down he was in common estimation, even in a country of very quick changes, he feared the

running to Mendocino, and then he wouldn't have got to Las Rosas and worked for La Donna Diavola. Nor would many other things have happened, and he would never have really known Pauline Camacho, the girl he loved to see at the opera. But he spoke to her before he turned his back on San Francisco. And it happened because the opera wasn't a success. And because Stapleton was not making money. And because he couldn't pay out of the treasury what wasn't in it. And because the chief soprano and baritone struck on that account just before an afternoon performance. Though Stapleton had the tongue of a wise serpent, and was more persuasive than any cunning rhetorician, he failed to induce them to open their mouths, except to say, "Cash up," and so he rushed out the bills which he kept ready to say that owing to the sudden illness of Madame this and Signor that the performance couldn't come off. Jack saw it went into the Aid Society's office.

"No 'Aida' this afternoon, Mr. McIntosh," he said; "if Stapleton wants to play 'L'Africaine' he must look for a prima donna at the Palace Hotel."

"Why, why, why, bless my soul," said the secretary, "what's the matter?"

"It's sickness on the bills, but it's long odds that dollars are at the bottom of it," answered Jack. For the affairs of the opera were common knowledge, and interested more people just then than all the doings of Boss Buckley and the Democratic machine.

"Well, here, then, will you do something for me? I was going to take my wife and her niece this afternoon. Go up to my house and tell Mrs. McIntosh, and then to Mrs. Camacho's, next door. Ask for Miss Camacho, and tell her what you've told me."

And Jack went like a shot, for something told him that Miss Camacho must be the girl he had seen at the opera. After speaking to Mrs. McIntosh he went next door with a beating heart. "Is Miss Camacho in? Please tell her Mr. Bevis has come from Mr. McIntosh, and would like to see her a moment."

He went inside, and as he entered the inner hall he saw her coming downstairs. He was so nervous he could hardly open his mouth. For she was the first lady he had spoken to on terms of apparent equality for three years. He remembered the lines of the Australian bush poem—

Ah! what wouldn't I give to touch

A lady's hand again!

And he objurgated his folly at being on his beam-ends in San Francisco.

But when he heard her voice, his nervousness went, and he explained clearly enough why he had come.

"Thank you very much, Mr. ——"

"Bevis," said Jack smiling.

"Mr. Bevis," she repeated after him. "I think I have sometimes seen you at the opera."

"I have often seen you, I know," said Jack. And when he went away down the sunlit hill past the big houses of the San Franciscan millionaires he cursed himself for not being the possessor of countless dollars too. For what could such a silly jay as himself have to do with this girl?

"It's enough to make a man turn respectable and go in for piling up shekels," he remarked dolefully. "I'll have to go to England and be a bourgeois, and get my wings clipped."

And when he got back to the Aid office he discreetly interrogated McIntosh as to Miss Camacho. All he found out was that her father was a Portuguese, that she sang very prettily (McIntosh said this with the air of a teacher), and that her name was Pauline. Of course, henceforth Jack never thought of her by any other name until he learned her pet title was La Rosa. But he did not find



"What the thunder do you do down on your flat in this city?"

secretary might think it presumption on his part to ask; and being a good bit crushed he held his tongue. He interested himself in the fortunes of the opera.

Stapleton was having a devil of a time—there was little doubt about that—and the daily forty tickets given away to the President of the Choral Society did not represent a tenth part of the paper that filled the house night after night. The San Franciscans did not want anyone but Patti, and Patti had been there the year before with Stapleton. It was said he took fifty thousand dollars cash out of the town that time; but now there seemed no money to be had. Jack thought he could have told the impresario as much himself. When many thousands of men are without work there can't be much general prosperity. But, after all, it was through Stapleton being in San Francisco that Jack got a job again when he was once more in deadly need of it.

For being constantly with McIntosh, the old chap kept him in his mind, and really tried to get him something to do. If it hadn't been for the tickets, he would have drifted off in the country or shipped in some lumber schooner

that out till he went to Las Rosas, otherwise known as Hope's Ranch, in the south of Lake County.

Poor Jack by now was getting in deadly need of a job. His fifty dollars had come down to five, and though he made each cent do duty for a nickel, he couldn't last out much longer. He changed his large room in Clay Street for a small, dark den of half the price, and docked himself of a meal a day. Most of his smoking was supplied him by a pal of his who earned a good living making cigars. Like all men who live in a country where tobacco is grown, Jack had got to like green cigars, and he smoked them the very day they were made, when they were supple enough to twist half round his finger. But even so, five dollars won't go far, though a man can get a good meal in San Francisco for fifteen cents, and so Jack was for ever worrying McIntosh for a job.

"And what work can you do?" asked the secretary.

"Do," said Jack contemptuously. "I can do anything."

"Can you milk?"

"Of course I can, Mr. McIntosh; and cook, and drive horses and steers and break them, and use almost any kind of tool, and sharpen them too, from a scythe to a gouge, from an axe to a bowie knife."

McIntosh gasped and lay back in his big chair.

"And you a University man and know Latin?"

"I'm not a University man," said Jack half angrily. "If I were, I shouldn't know anything."

McIntosh reflected.

"Would you like to be a stableman?"

"Just suit me," answered Jack promptly. "Why, I was stableman to the Canadian Pacific Syndicate in British Columbia, and I ran another stable in Oregon. I like that best of all."

"Well, I'll see about it. When can you go?"

"Now, in half-an-hour," said Jack.

"Come in to-morrow morning at eleven, and I'll let you know. I heard something about a friend of mine up in Lake County who wants a man."

And Jack went off hopefully. In spite of his experience of disappointment he recklessly spent a whole dollar in a mild jamboree.

The next morning he was most mightily cast down and wanted to shake the secretary, for something had prevented the old man from interesting himself in Jack's welfare.

"But now, Bevis, you come in to-morrow and it will be all right.

Or, stay—come in this afternoon about three, about three. There now, go, and let me get to work. Bless my soul, where are those papers?"

And as Jack went out two wretched "dead-broke" crawled up the stairs.

"Can you tell me where the English Aid Society is, Sir?" asked one of them, and Jack told him. He spent the rest of the time between that and three in the Free Library reading metaphysics, for he was omnivorous. At three sharp he was back at the office.

The moment he entered McIntosh jumped up.

"Yes, yes, here you are. Sit down and take the paper, and if anyone comes in say I'll be back in ten minutes."

And he popped out. He was gone for an hour, and during that time the door opened every few minutes and some wretched-looking devil put a deprecating head inside—

"Is this the English Aid Society, Sir?"

"Yes," answered Jack.

"And is the secretary in?"

"He'll be back in a few minutes, if you will take a seat," replied the secretary's locum tenens, who could hardly refrain from laughing. For here he was seated in

the chair of benevolence, to which he himself had one time appealed. It tickled him greatly, and yet greatly saddened him.

For he remembered how after four days of starvation, which were only relieved by a solitary dough-nut, he had got the tip about this place from someone who had been in a similar situation. He had come up there desperately hungry, so hungry, indeed, that he hardly wanted to eat. He had come there in revolt and anger, and yet he had to come or go under. For big and strong as he was, there were thousands as good who could get no work, and every day men were turned into tramps, and tramps, by the gradual extinction of their natural desire to labour, into dead-beats for ever. For the genesis of the man who won't work lies in the man who can't get work to do. And the children of those who have been destroyed start with no natural heritage of energy.

He shook hands with the secretary and went. "Good old chap!" he said; "he's a real good sort. It would be awfully easy to have a regular swine in such a job."

He reflected as he went along.

"All these four years in the States I've been doing nothing but learn a lot of things that may never be much use to me. And I'm twenty-seven. What's going to be the end? I really think I shall chuck it and go back to London. And what shall I do there?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I couldn't stay in an office. I should murder someone inside a week, or wreck the furniture. I might turn journalist, be a cock-sparrow of Fleet Street; but then I don't know anything about it. I think I'll start a society in London for protecting innocent Americans from confidence men, and be the secretary. Anyhow, I can't be worse off than working here for twenty dollars a month. I wonder what the boss is like at Las Rosas. I'll stick it out till I get enough to go east."

And then he thought vaguely of Pauline. For somehow her face stayed with him wonderfully. She was so queenly and yet so soft: her eyes were so bright and her skin so dark and pale and clear.

"Well, I suppose I may see her to-night, and that's the last time. It's very idiotic of me. For I'm only a stableman now, and I may get sacked before I go to work."

And just then an Australian reminiscence came into his head. He remembered a rhyme written in pencil on the fly-leaf of a novel which he had read in the Lachlan Back Blocks ten years before—

I wish I was a boundary rider,
Or some other kind
of swell;
And hanged if I
wouldn't
Marry old Brown's
girl.

And, laughing, he went off down Clay and picked up the cigar-maker to go to the opera with him for the last time. They had dinner together at the Palace Restaurant.

"Five months ago, Billy," said Jack, "I had been walking the streets all night, and I hadn't grubbed for nigh on to four days. And I passed this place early in the morning, just as they were lighting up. The sight of the stuff in the window made me want to put a rock through the glass and snatch something. By gosh! if I hadn't known what kind of a place the house of correction is here, I'd have done it. But I knew, and I didn't

do it, and instead, I went in and got a roll from a waiter. I wolfed it outside on the side-walk, and nearly choked myself."

Billy nodded.

"It's a hard place this at times. It ain't no picnic to be broke in San Francisco; not unless a man's got no shame at all."

And they went off to the opera, which was "Faust." It was Stapleton's last night, the last fizzle of his operatic rocket, and he was getting ready to go. If he could.

Jack when he took his seat thought of nothing but Pauline, but he couldn't see her anywhere. Though Ravelli sang his best, Jack went right out of tune, and was glad when Billy suggested going for drinks. They did not come in again. And in the morning Jack started for Healdsburg.

But the impresario, who had, without knowing it, got Jack his job as stableman, was almost ready to take a job himself and get rid of his importunate company. The chorus camped in the vestibule for three days before leaving San Francisco. When Jack saw Stapleton again and heard "Faust," things were very different with him.

(To be continued.)



"Well, and what can I do for you?" he piped out.

"A little more, and I'd never have done another hand's turn," said Jack.

But perhaps he was saved now.

At four o'clock old McIntosh puffed into the room.

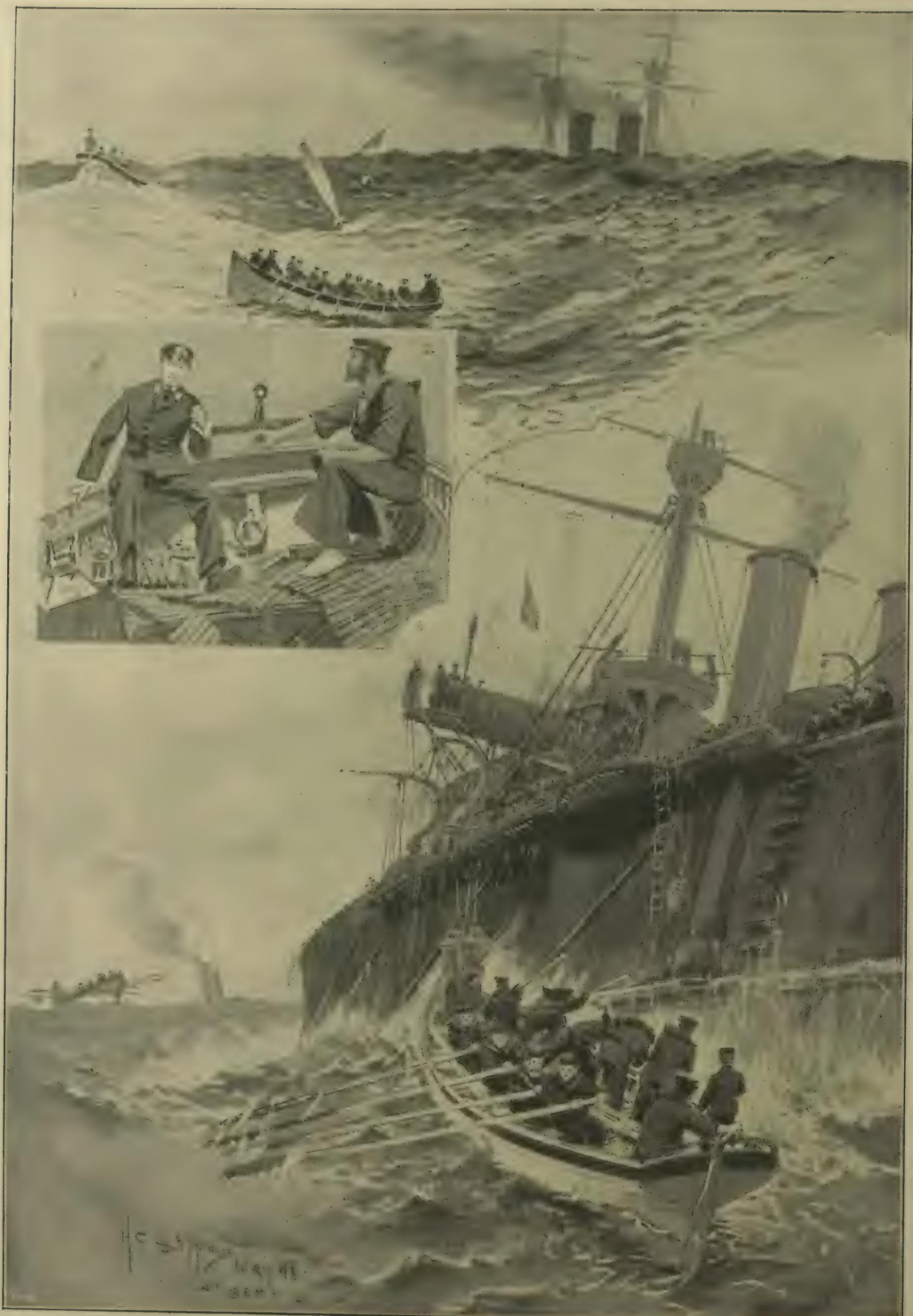
"There, Bevis! I've done your job. It's all right. To-morrow morning go across the Bay and up to Healdsburg. You'll most likely find someone in from the ranch. If you don't, get there your own way. It's Las Rosas, six miles from the town."

And speaking in a lower tone, he asked if Jack wanted money.

"I could do with a couple of dollars," said the man. "I'll send them down when I get some cash."

"Then that's all right. Stick to work, stick to work!" said old McIntosh. "You'll come out yet. Going to the opera to-night? Here's five tickets; take some of your friends."

"Thank you, Mr. McIntosh," said Jack. But he was very doubtful if any of his friends, save the cigar-maker and a man who worked in a Turkish Bath, had sufficiently decent clothes to be allowed in the best part of the opera-house, even if dress were unusual there.



1. In the sea-boats, laying by the target: the torpedo finishes its run by leaping into the air.

2. The middy and his coxswain in the sea-boat.

3. Bringing the torpedoes alongside.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: TORPEDO PRACTICE.

Drawn from the Boats by our Special Artist, Mr. H. Seppings Wright.



THE GAME OF CHESS.—BY A. A. LESREL.

Exhibited in the Salon du Champ de Mars, 1895.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has been resting, according to his annual custom, in Switzerland. He spoke sympathetically concerning the sad accident which befell Mr. Benjamin Eyre, a gentleman whom he had often met. Other bishops and ecclesiastics are spending their holidays among the Alps, and the Dean of Norwich is, as usual, at Riffelalp.

The choice of chaplains for Continental churches in places where the British congregation is very carefully made, and with much more skill than used to be the case. American clergymen very often speak in high praise of the scholarly and restful discourses which they hear abroad. They themselves know better than their brethren in Great Britain how to take a holiday, for very rarely are they induced to appear in pulpits, save in London.

The appointment of the Rev. Canon Cyril Fletcher Grant, vicar of Aylesford, to the joint rectory of Holy Trinity and St. Mary's, Guildford, has been announced. The reverend gentleman is in the prime of life, and may be expected to enter heartily into the work of one of the busiest towns, for its size, in the south of England. In succeeding Canon Valpy he will have no easy task, for the latter was keenly interested in all public progress in the county town of Surrey. A proposal is on foot to commemorate Canon Valpy's rectorship by adding to the Guildford Grammar School some much-needed accommodation. There are three rectories in Guildford, and they have been held in the past by more than one distinguished man. The late Archbishop Thomson of York was a curate at St. Nicholas', where for some years Dr. J. S. B. Monsell, the hymn-writer, was rector. Dr. Monsell lost his life by falling from the scaffolding of the new church which was being erected.

Canon Page Roberts preaches probably to more medical men than any other London clergyman. Harley Street contributes a large percentage of his congregation, and many of the physicians contrive to attend the church at both morning and evening services. Sir William Broadbent may frequently be noticed listening to Canon Roberts. Besides doctors, there are several members of Parliament who attend the church during the session.

One of the most acceptable "supplies" at the City Temple during Dr. Parker's holiday was the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, whose fine volume of sermons, entitled "The Transfigured Sackcloth" marked him as an original thinker, who could clothe his ideas in striking phraseology. There is a vein of dry humour in Mr. Watkinson, which delights the hearer all the more because it is unexpected. He speaks slowly, and with a deliberate choice of the exact words he wishes to use. The City Temple congregations have been well maintained during Dr. Parker's absence. The Rev. Alfred Norris, a poet of fine feeling, was another of the preachers to occupy the pulpit. Dr. Parker has been singing the praises of Beachy Head, whose breezes have invigorated and refreshed him.

The decision of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke to retire from Bloomsbury Chapel was necessitated by the uncertain health which for a long while has prevented his preaching with regularity. Some years ago the *World* announced that Mr. Brooke was desirous of entering the House of Commons.



THE OBERLAND RAILWAY FROM LAUTERBRÜNNEN TO MÜRREN.

Whether this was the case or not, he is an ardent politician. One of Mr. Brooke's daughters recites very finely. His son-in-law has achieved a good reputation as an artist, his portrait of his father being very lifelike.

The Queen of Sweden's visit to the Keswick Convention was carefully planned to avoid public notice, and very few in the great tent were aware of the constant presence therein of the Queen. Her Majesty has long taken a keen interest in religious movements, and was most kindly disposed to the Salvation Army when it commenced operations in Scandinavia. The Queen is seldom in very good health, and cares little for State functions, but devotes much of her time to philanthropic work. She is an omnivorous reader.



THE OBERLAND RAILWAY ACROSS THE WENGERNALP.

MOUNTAIN RAILWAYS IN SWITZERLAND.

Probably "the Playground of Europe" has never been so crowded as during this summer. Switzerland has had within its borders a vast host of visitors from monarchs down to Polytechnic tourists. Queen Margherita of Italy is at her favourite spot, Gressoney; the King and Queen of Roumania are attracting in a Swiss village less attention than was the case during their recent stay at Ischl; the two Queens of the Netherlands have enjoyed the delights of Grindelwald; ex-King Milan and his son, King Alexander of Servia, were at Lucerne; while Grand Dukes and Duchesses without number are resting from Court functions in the peaceful green valleys of the only European country where politics can be forgotten. And most of these visitors have been travellers by the widespread system of the Oberland Railways, which now make accessible peaks and places formerly within the sole reach of the climber. Little engines, with two or three carriages behind them, thread through dangerous passes and attain dizzy heights with a pertinacity and punctuality truly wonderful. The engineering feats which have made these mountain railways possible win from the traveller almost as much astonishment and admiration as the views which he sees while comfortably seated in the train.

Formerly, he who wished to reach the glorious height of Mürren, and gaze at the great panorama of snow around that mountain village, had to toil for three hours or more on an exposed steep. Not an unpleasant experience, but wearisome nevertheless. Now you may take your ticket at the little station of Lauterbrünnen, after refreshing

your eyes with the dashing splendour of the Trümmelbach Falls, and ascend in little more than half an hour to the summit of what seems a vertical railway. On either side the lofty trees stand like a guard of honour, while nearer and nearer you approach the majestic heights robed in spotless white. As the train, bearing its thirty passengers, plods its upward way, the chalets glittering in the valleys below grow insignificant, and the peaks above sublime. An electric railway carries you right up to the gateway of Mürren, and then, unwearyed with the labour of climbing, you are free to enjoy to the full the splendour of the scene.

Another favourite journey by the Oberland Railway is that shown in our second Illustration. Even an invalid can now cross the Wengernalp and come close to the Jungfrau and its white companions — the "Hallelujah Chorus" in snow, as they have been called.

Starting early in the morning, one may have seen before noon a wreath of the most lovely peaks, dazzling in their purity. As the morning sun lights the scene and the clouds float from the mountain crests, "dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty."

Up to January 1894 there were 2220 miles of railway in Switzerland, and since then a substantial addition has been made. Mountain railways now take you to the sombre summit of Pilatus, or to the less-known Stanserhorn; and other lines are projected. Let it be honestly acknowledged that these enterprises have been accomplished with the least possible spoliation of the landscape, and with real consideration for the beauty of the land through which they run. Every care, too, is taken to ensure safety, and the constant inspection that is the rule on all these railways may well inspire confidence.

LITERATURE.

HAUNTED BY POSTERITY.

Haunted by Posterity. By W. Earl Hodgson. (London : Adam and Charles Black.)—Schopenhauer once described love as the will of the unborn being to spring into existence. The fundamental idea of Mr. Hodgson's novel has some kinship with the German philosopher's dictum, inasmuch as he proounds the theory that our astral bodies exist before our physical, and we are born into the world at the imperious command of our spiritual nature. It must not be imagined from this that the book is entirely given up to occultism and metaphysics; the introduction of the supernatural element is the result of the inexorable logic of the author, who, wishing to give verisimilitude to the story, elects to have it told by the ghost of an ancestor of the chief character in it. "When he deals with love," says the ghostly narrator, "the novelist frequently goes too far. Frequently his chronicles pass beyond the bounds within which his knowledge is confined. He occasionally says, for example, that his heroine locked herself into a room, threw herself upon a couch, and burst into a flood of tears. How can the man know that? He was not there to see. . . . There can be no art, which is truth made manifest, when one pretends to make clear to another that about which oneself is in the dark." If the reader accepts this theory of the methods of the art of fiction, he will not feel that the ghostly element is superfluous. And if he should not, the spectral Sir Richard Wayne is so witty, so shrewd, and so observant that it would be a pity not to have had acquaintance of him. The plot of the story is founded upon the love-affair of George Wayne and Lady Emily Markham. Wayne has little save name and family to recommend him as a suitor, and Lady Emily has not much more, although her father, Lord Charlton (a delightfully drawn character of a bluff and lovable retired admiral), would have done anything in his power for her. But, truth to tell, the interest aroused by the hero and heroine will hardly satisfy the exacting amorous, who always demands the most intimate conversations of lovers from the novelist. The book may be described as an excitement of progress. Every fashion and folly of our time is touched upon. The passion for grouse-slaughter, the delight of the keen fisherman, the desire of the wealthy nowadays to become newspaper proprietors, the see-saw of modern politics—these, and many other phases of social life in England are described in a succession of vivid scenes. As literature the novel is, perhaps, more journalistic than literary: that is to say, it would seem to have been written by one whose powers of observation and swift description have been trained by the exigencies of rapid writing. Many of the minor characters are admirably conceived. The melancholy millionaire, Mr. Clement, says, as many millionaires have said, that the mere possession of vast wealth only reveals more clearly the limits of life's possibilities. And who has not met the Rev. Mr. Bompas, from whose gait, voice, and countenance there oozed a constant stream of obtrusive morality? But, apart from its vivacity, interest, and kindly cynicism, Mr. Hodgson's novel is pre-eminently remarkable for the beauty of its style. His English is invariably distinguished; his nice poise of adjective and substantive, his archaic use of the conjunctive, and his dislike of frequent parentheses are refreshing at a time when people are beginning to forget that such a thing as English Grammar ever existed.

A BURIED EMPIRE.

The Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia; being an Essay on the Local History of Phrygia from the Earliest Times to the Turkish Conquest. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. I. *The Lycos Valley and South-Western Phrygia.* (Oxford : The Clarendon Press.)—To most of us Phrygia is only a name. We associate it with the red cap of Liberty worn in the French Revolution, and with a story told by Herodotus. Psammetichus, King of Egypt, put a couple of babes under the charge of a shepherd, ordered that no man should speak to them, and that they should be fed on goat's milk for two years, when, their "wailings without sense" having ceased, the shepherd was to note the first word they spoke. That word was *bekos*, which was said to be the Phrygian name for "bread"; and hence Psammetichus was satisfied not only of the antiquity of the Phrygians over the Egyptians, but of their having "come into being before all other men."

That they were a very ancient and powerful people is certain. Outcome of mixture of an invading European race and native tribes, they raised an empire strong enough to fight Egypt, and reached a comparatively high state of civilisation. Their influence, especially in religion, upon Greece, and, through her, upon more westerly peoples, was deep and lasting. The earliest Greek music, notably that of the flute, was borrowed in part from them, and one of the three ancient ecclesiastical modes bears their name. But, as to the rest, all is vague. Phrygia has been under foreign domination, rule of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and, from the twelfth century, misrule of Turk, since about 700 B.C., to the shattering of its unity, and the destruction of precious materials throwing light on the early history of Asia Minor.

During the past fifteen years Dr. Ramsay has spent a large portion of his time in excavations in the country, recovering a goodly number of inscriptions and monuments which, supplementing those already known, will enable the historian to fill up an important blank in the story of the remote past. Their value has been made manifest already in the author's scholarly work on the "Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170," and he indicates that the chief interest of the present essay will centre on the early history of Christianity in Asia Minor. For full proof of this, we must, however, wait till a second volume appears. Meantime, limiting his survey to the Lycos Valley and the south-western region, Doctor Ramsay describes the topography of the district, and skilfully reconstructs a picture of Phrygian culture. For this the Graeco-Roman city of Laodicea, and the sacred city of Hierapolis, near which thousands of inscribed stones, sepulchral and otherwise, occur, supply the types. In the true student spirit, governed by right perspective, Dr. Ramsay has "looked for traces of the past in the

facts of the present—in the faces, manners, pronunciation, tales, and superstitions of the people, as well as in the monuments of older days." We tread ground familiar as the scene of the missionary labours of St. Paul. Under Roman rule the Christian population numbered hundreds of thousands, but there came remarkable and rapid dwindling of these numbers when the Turks conquered the country. The population is now well-nigh wholly Mohammedan, and, as it has escaped the awful persecutions which have harried the neighbouring Armenian provinces, Dr. Ramsay can explain the change only as due to the "strong Oriental substratum in the Phrygian inhabitants of the Lycos Valley having asserted itself, and made them more ready to adopt an Oriental religion like Mohammedanism than the Christians in some other parts of the country were." But whatever the professed faith, traces of the older Phrygian cult persist, little altered in nature, however changed in name. A pagan god or Christian saint is often only some deified ancestor. "A Christian bishopric turns out in many cases to have succeeded to the priesthood of an old *hieron*. A place of pilgrimage in modern times may probably prove to have been a noted shrine of Artemis or Sabazios. The Mevlevi dervishes dance in frenzied excitement to the music of Cybele's own instruments, cymbals and flutes, and perhaps even to the actual airs that were played centuries before Christ." These remarks show that Dr. Ramsay has the historian's saving grace of sense of continuity, whereby the past "being dead, yet speaketh." Moreover, he has sympathy. In the old Phrygian religion, with all its grossness, its repulsive legends, and its barbaric customs, as of self-mutilation and other practices, he sees in its nature-worship the essence of what lies in the adoration of all life, as that which, though "subject, apparently, to death, is undying, reproducing itself in new forms, different, and yet the same." As Matthew Arnold has beautifully put it, "an infinite dying, and in that dying is life." It is the mystery of self-reproduction, of eternal unity amid temporary diversity; it is the twofold aspect of nature, which is expressed in the worship of the Mother Goddess and the mutilated Atys, conceptions of deity which passed from Phrygia to Greece, and from Greece to Rome. On the part played by animals in the Phrygian mysteries Dr. Ramsay has much of interest to say. The sacredness of the goat was an especial feature: among the Greeks that animal was sacrificed to Dionysus, who was in some places represented and worshipped under its form. The drama grew out of the festivals in his honour, and the custom of offering a goat to the god before the choral hymn was sung gave rise to the term *tragōdia* (Gr. *tragos*, a he-goat), whence our word "tragedy." The publication of the remainder of Dr. Ramsay's learned and invaluable essay will be awaited with keen interest by all students of the connecting periods between modern civilisation and its ancient centres.

MOUNTAINEERING.

The Alps from End to End. By Sir W. M. Conway, with 100 full-page illustrations by A. D. McCormick. (Archibald Constable and Co.)—The feeling of dread which invests the unknown lingered long in the heart of civilised man. The sight of "mountains, lonely woods, and angry seas, raised images of terror and repulsion" among the cultivated Greeks, and our poet Gray, in his correspondence, echoes the description of the Alps as "high and hideous," which Howell applies to them in his "Familiar Letters." But the mystery has gone from these mountain peaks since their ascent has become a pastime. Few of the snow-giants remain unconquered, and well-nigh every gap between them has been traversed as a pass. Even the long-unscaled Matterhorn has been made the butt of the waggish climber, who tells how he saw a warning notice at the summit: "This hill is dangerous to cyclists!" Instead of reascending a few well-known peaks, Sir William Conway satisfied his perennial mountain ardour by taking the Alpine chain *en bloc*. He planned a route which, granting three months of average weather, would carry him from one end of the range to the other. His party—consisting of Mr. E. A. FitzGerald, an experienced climber; three Swiss guides, and a couple of Gurkhas who had been with him in the Himalayas (and after whom he has christened a pass and a peak)—started in June last year from the southern extremity of the Maritime Alps. From the Colle di Tenda a northerly route was taken through beaten tracks across the Tirol to Ankogl, "the last snowy peak in the direction of Vienna, some two hundred miles from that city." The distance traversed was about one thousand miles; twenty-one peaks, including Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa (but, through bad weather, not the Matterhorn) were climbed, and thirty-nine passes crossed.

Obviously a holiday trip of this kind, undertaken by experienced mountaineers, and described by a competent and pleasing writer, calls for nothing in the way of criticism. It suffices to say that the narrative will awaken in those to whom the country is familiar memories of happy days, when enjoyment was enhanced by a spice of adventure in the "playground of Europe." Mr. McCormick's illustrations are always vigorous and often impressive.

A FAMOUS CLASSIC.

Tom Cringle's Log. By Michael Scott. Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington. With an Introduction by Mowbray Morris. (Macmillan and Co.)—The famous classic, beloved by boys, whether they be young or "old," notablest by those through whose veins the blood of sailor forefathers is coursing, is again with us, this time adorned with a batch of capital pictures by an accomplished pencil, and prefaced by a memoir of the dimly known author, in writing which Mr. Mowbray Morris has no new materials to help him. Michael Scott died only sixty years ago (he had barely passed middle life), but we know no more of him than if he had been dead six centuries, when there flourished in Fifeshire the great Wizard whose name he bore. He was a wizard likewise, not in the occult instruments which he employed, but in the charm with which his pages, "beating with the pulse of human life" in the wild and stormy recklessness begotten of the sea, hold us spellbound. It would be a work of supererogation to say more about a book on which Time has set its unassailable verdict.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Even though Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby"—now the most popular novel of the day—should not be secure of lasting fame, there will always be a place in the treasury of a good bibliophile for the little book entitled "Trilbyana," which is published from the office of the New York *Critic*. This little volume gives the correspondence which took place over Mr. Whistler, and it deals at great length with the marvellous popularity which Mr. Du Maurier's novel has achieved in America. You may buy "Trilby" ices in New York, "Trilby" sausages in Philadelphia, and "Trilby" hearth-brushes in Chicago; and Boston has distinguished itself by crowding one of its churches to hear a sermon on the all-important question "Have you read 'Trilby'?"

In Brooklyn the novel has been the cause of domestic trouble—a punster would say of family jars—for "Trilbyana" records the fact that "a married woman, aged twenty-nine, got into a dispute with her husband as to the morals of the young model of the story, and proved her point by smashing him over the head with an earthenware jar!" The book has given rise to any number of parodies; one on the stage is called "Thrilby," and one in book form is called "Drilby." The success of "Trilby" on the stage has scarcely been less remarkable than that of the book, so that the representation by Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company, with pretty Miss Dorothea Baird in the character of Trilby, promises to be one of the great events of our next dramatic season.

I am pleased to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Hinkson upon the birth of a son and heir. Mr. Hinkson is known in literary circles as the author of "Golden Lads and Girls," and as the editor of "Dublin Verses." His wife, under her maiden name of Katharine Tynan, has written some very beautiful poetry and many charming stories. The child bears the name of Godfrey Tynan Hinkson.

Mr. William Rossetti will publish next month, through Ellis and Elvey, a biography of his brother Gabriel. The book will be in two volumes, one of which is entirely devoted to the memoir and the other to the letters. It may be anticipated that many points in Gabriel Rossetti's career will be made clear for the first time. I may also add that Mr. William Rossetti has come across some three hundred new poems among his sister's literary remains, and these will be published shortly.

Keats was born Oct. 29, 1795, and some attempt will be made to celebrate the centenary on that day of this year. Anyway, we are to have a complete edition of "Keats' Letters," edited by Mr. Buxton Forman, and an edition of "Keats' Poems" in the dainty Muses' Library of Laurence and Bullen. This will contain a critical introduction by Mr. Robert Bridges, whose fine critical faculty would be more generally marked were he not better known as a fine poet.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Andrew Lang is engaged upon a new edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and also upon a biography of Lockhart. There are no two opinions as to the character of Sir Walter Scott—it stands to us all for whatever is best in human nature; but no man made more enemies than John Gibson Lockhart. He was pronounced to be supercilious, vain, and much besides that was objectionable. Possibly from Mr. Lang we shall have for the first time the real man. In any case, as editor of the *Quarterly Review* he was doomed to make numbers of enemies. Every editor does that. With regard to Lockhart's "Life of Scott," no book more emphatically requires editing. It provoked an immense mass of discussion at the time it was published, and the discussion which arose out of the Ballantyne feud, as to which alone there were half-a-dozen pamphlets, is absolutely unknown to the present generation—to all, at least, except those few to whom Sir Walter Scott is a cult and much more.

I picked up an interesting little Lamb treasure the other day, not, I think, generally known to collectors of Charles Lamb's works. Everyone has heard of the first edition of "Prince Dorus, or Flattery Put Out of Countenance," which was published by Godwin, "price 1s. 6d. coloured or 1s. plain." "Prince Dorus" now sells for £40 in the coloured form. Godwin not only published this rare treasure by Lamb, but he published the first edition of "Tales from Shakspere" in two volumes in 1809. One pays £20 for a good copy of these two volumes now. But my new "find" is, I think, even rarer. It is three little chap-books bound up together, and these were published in Gedwin's Juvenile Library. They consist of "Cymbeline," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Othello," three of Charles Lamb's "Tales from Shakspere," but they do not bear Lamb's name. They, however, bear the date 1811. If they had been published two years earlier than the "Tales from Shakspere," instead of two years later, they would indeed be priceless.

I do not know whether many people in our day have seen a little pamphlet by Cruikshank, the artist, which was distributed in 1872. In it the late Mr. George Cruikshank claims very emphatically to have been part-author of "Oliver Twist," and the actual author of Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London" and "Miser's Daughter." In all these cases he declares that he drew the sketches, and that the authors wrote up to his sketches—a method of work which is certainly rare in the relations of literature to its illustrators. What poor Cruikshank unfortunately misses in his somewhat angry attack upon Harrison Ainsworth is the distinction between the mere suggestion of a subject and the form which it takes under the pen of a skilful writer. No doubt most men of letters have received abundant suggestion from their intimate friends, but to suggest types of character is one thing, to weave these types into an entertaining narrative is quite another; and Cruikshank's claim as against both Dickens and Ainsworth may be for ever dismissed, but the pamphlet is worth keeping all the same.

C. K. S.



TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

For many years I have nursed an almost invincible desire to write two magazine articles; the first to be entitled "London on Wheels"; the second "The Pleasures of a Shilling Cab Fare." Various causes have combined to frustrate the desire. Whenever I took up my pen for the purpose of gratifying it, I began to reflect that the first of my projected communications had been done over and over again, and probably better than I could do it; that the second would most likely be strongly tinged with some of my inveterate prejudices against the London Jehu.

That those prejudices exist in my mind no one is better aware than I am. The first germ of them sprang up more than a decade ago, when, having given a cabman eighteenpence for driving me from Paddington Station to the Oxford Street corner of Park Street, Grosvenor Square, he omitted to thank me. I was foolish enough to remark upon the man's want of politeness. "In the place where I come from," I said, "they say 'Thank you' for money received, especially when it is more than they are entitled to." No sooner had the words passed my lips than I was sorry I had spoken, for I got my answer pat. "It must be a — rum place then," replied the charioteer, grinning, "and the sooner they mend their manners the better for them. Hero's your dirty sixpence—I don't want it; it will pay for three omnibus fares for you!" With this he flung the coin straight from his perch into my face and drove off, swearing and cursing. As a matter of course, I picked it up and put it into my pocket.

Since then the recollection of that spurned sixpence has been a fruitful source of trouble and annoyance, for whenever I feel tempted to repeat my first very small display of generosity, that recollection comes between my impulse and the yielding to it. As a consequence, cabby and I never part on extraordinarily friendly terms. I do not expect him to say "Thank you," and am seldom disappointed.

Nevertheless, the world has not crushed all sense of justice out of me, and I strongly suspect that his general bad temper—for he is bad tempered—his very frequent boorishness, his recurrent attempts at extortion, especially when his fare happens to be a woman, are mainly due to the exactions of the cab-master, while, at the same time, I have an idea that the latter himself may be the victim of circumstances. Hence, whenever I see a paragraph proposing some small reform, as I did last week in connection with the votes of supplies for the Home Office, I begin to wish that some unconventional legislator would take the bull by the horns and reform the whole of the existing system. Hundreds and thousands of Londoners, besides the provincial and foreign visitors, would hail him as a benefactor. Of the three measures referred to by Mr. Lough at St. Stephen's the most urgent is the extension of the radius. I do not know exactly how long the present radius has been in force, to the best of my recollection it must be a score of years; this much I do know, that at present it is altogether insufficient, not to say ridiculous.

Mr. Lough proposed that the radius should be extended so as to include Hammersmith. By the inclusion of Hammersmith the honourable member probably means the very end of Hammersmith—in other words, as far as Turnham Green—and, naturally, the same extension would apply to all the points radiating from Charing Cross. At a rough guess this would give us a mile and a half or a mile and a quarter of road on each side at the rate of

sixpence a mile: a doubtful gift, inasmuch as the extra shilling would still have to be disbursed. If the radius is to be extended at all, it ought to be extended for one, two, or three miles, not for fractions.

But there are other reforms quite as urgent as that one. There should be in the centre of London a police-court specially devoted to the settlement of disputes between cabmen and their fares. Our metropolitan police magistrates are already sufficiently overburdened as it is. It is

Photo by Mr. Parkinson, Dieppe.
CAPTAIN SHARP, OF THE "SEAFORD."Photo by Mr. Parkinson, Dieppe.
CAPTAIN GAUVIN, OF THE "LYON."

THE LOSS OF THE "SEAFORD."

On Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 20, there occurred within twenty-five miles of English shore an accident to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company's passenger steamer *Seaford*, which resulted in its being sunk. Most fortunately, owing to the cool courage of the officers and crew, none of the 255 passengers were lost, nor were any of the crew, numbering forty-two, injured by the catastrophe. It is stated that the *Seaford*, which was commanded by Captain Sharp, a splendid seaman,

left Dieppe at 1.30, and during a fog was run into by a cargo steamer, the *Lyon*, which was on its way from Newhaven to Dieppe. Finding that the *Seaford* was rapidly letting water, Captain Sharp ordered her boats to be lowered. The passengers were transferred with the least possible excitement to the *Lyon*, and forty minutes after the collision the *Seaford* foundered. She was a steel twin screw steamer of 997 gross tons, and 5000-horse power, a fine specimen of Messrs. Denny Brothers' Dumbarton ship-yard. The *Seaford* was only built a year ago, and was considered the finest steamer owned by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, who deserve sincere sympathy in the unfortunate loss they have sustained. Unfortunately, none of the luggage could be rescued owing to the speed with which the vessel sank. The *Lyon* conveyed the passengers and crew to Newhaven, whence they returned to London. The former signed a grateful testimonial to the captain and his men, many of whom

belong to the Naval Reserve, who had done everything to assuage the misery of the situation. There was very little panic, thanks to the control exercised by all on board. The sinking of the *Seaford* in the fog was a weird sight. After the captain and crew had left in two of her boats, she gradually became invisible, till the hissing of steam and upheaval of water denoted the last scene of all. She is supposed to be lying in twenty-five fathoms of water. The *Lyon*'s arrival at Newhaven was hailed with great enthusiasm by the crowds which had been anxiously expecting the *Seaford*. The *Lyon* has been placed on the gridiron at Newhaven for examination. Its injuries have proved to be much more serious than were at first suspected, and the captain is all the more entitled to credit for having so promptly and efficiently assisted the *Seaford*, despite the danger in which his own vessel was placed. A passenger says, with regard to this point: "Perhaps the most trying time of all to the passengers was the first half-hour on the *Lyon*. With the sight of the *Seaford* disappearing still almost before our eyes, it was a moment of horrible suspense waiting for news of the damage

done to the *Lyon*. Fortunately the bulkheads had been immediately closed, and an impression was generally felt that all danger was over. Captain Sharp was warmly and deservedly thanked by the passengers, and three hearty and deep-felt cheers were given him by men and women who felt they owed him their lives." The accident was certainly not devoid of proof that courage and good spirits can be maintained under the most depressing circumstances.

The volume of poems of John B. Tabb, reviewed in our last issue, is published in this country by Mr. John Lane, Vigo Street.

The Wesleyans are to be congratulated on the enterprise they displayed with regard to the Army manoeuvres in the New Forest. They provided three



THE LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY COMPANY'S STEAMER "SEAFORD."

before proceeding to law. There are many other things I would like to suggest, but I have already exceeded my space. In spite of our insular contempt for Continental charioteers and the regulations by which they are governed, we might do worse than take a leaf from the book of the Paris authorities in that respect. I will return to the subject one day.

"Soldiers' Home Encampments," each consisting of two tents, which were much appreciated by the men. The number of Soldiers' Homes under the care of the Wesleyans in different parts of the Empire is steadily increasing. The Wesleyans have always shown a deep interest in the Army and Navy, and those who are at the head of their work in this department are wise to be progressive.

A VISIT TO TAFILET.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

VI.—AT TAFILET WITH THE SULTAN.

Of all the oases that dot the north-western corner of the Desert or Sahara, Tafilet is without doubt the most celebrated. It is difficult, perhaps, to understand why, for it possesses no towns and but a small amount of trade, and that principally its export of dates. It may be this fact



IN TAFILET.

that has caused the name of Tafilet to become known in England, for in spite of its remote situation the dates are carried hundreds of miles on the backs of camels and mules to the coast, whence they are shipped to London. Another reason that has no doubt added to the fame of the oasis is the fact that the family of the reigning Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Hassén, spring from thence, while many of his relations still reside there. But from whatever cause it may be, the fact remains that Tafilet has a sort of celebrity, which, except for its excellent dates, it can be scarcely said to deserve. The great extent of palm-groves line the banks of three rivers, the Wad Ziz, the Tizimi, and the Gheris, the waters of the latter of which are brackish. From these three main supplies innumerable channels are cut, carrying the water far and wide over the flat river-banks, and irrigating the gardens of vegetables and "fsa"—a kind of lucerne—on which, with the ever present dates, the cattle and horses subsist. One cannot find space here to enter into the wider generalities of the place, which, I doubt not, I shall have opportunity of writing about hereafter; so I will return once more to the story of my journey.

I lay in the shade of the palm-trees, looking out at the desert which lay before me, stretching away in dull yellow sandy lines and broken rocky hillocks. In the foreground lay the Sultan's camp, hundreds upon hundreds of tents, covering an enormous extent of the plain. From where I was I could easily distinguish the great enclosure and the tents of the Sultan himself, the tent-poles flashing with globes of gold. A thin everlasting film of sand lay in the air, stirred by the human and animal life which literally buzzed in the camp. The noise from my vantage-spot was like that of a great city. Here, there, and everywhere one could see horsemen galloping to and fro; soldiers in blue and red hurrying hither and thither on foot; long lines of patient-gaited camels meandering listlessly in every direction, while the whole shimmered and shivered in the hot sunlight, so that it seemed to be merely a mirage and not the reality that it was. Unpacking some letters to prove my identity, for it was no longer necessary to play the native, I gave them to my servant Mahammed, telling him to take them to the tent of Sid Fadhoul Gharnet, the Sultan's Vizier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, to whom I was well known. Amongst these letters was the "firman" I possess from Mulai Hassen himself to facilitate my travelling in the country. Mahammed having started off on his errand, we lit a fire and cooked ourselves a brew of tea, and breakfasted off dates. I was very doubtful as to how I should be received in the camp, and this, together with the fact that I was feeling tired and ill, did not tend to raise my spirits, and I almost regretted, ill as we had fared all the journey, that my disguise was so soon to be thrown off and my identity known.

Mahammed was a long time away, and it was midday

before he returned, when he told me, to my astonishment and no little to my pleasure, that Kaid Maclean, the English Instructor-General of his Shereefian Majesty's army, was in the camp. I had known that Kaid Maclean had not gone with the Sultan from Fez, and it seemed scarcely credible that he could be here now. But Mahammed was certain of it, and it turned out to be the case. However, in spite of this pleasant news, my arrival seemed to the native officers to be by no means an unbounded joy, and a meeting had been promptly held by the various Viziers as

to what course they ought to pursue. Finally they came to the conclusion that it was best to bring me into the camp and accommodate me there until the Sultan should leave his enclosure in the afternoon and carry on his business in his office tent. Two soldiers accompanied Mahammed, and under his guidance I was taken to the camp. They were enjoined to the greatest secrecy, and that on no account should my identity become known until the circumstances of my arrival were made known to his Shereefian Majesty. So I was smuggled through the camp to one of the soldier's tents, where room was made for me until the Sultan's decision as to what was to be done with me should be made known. Great was the amusement of the five soldiers with whom I shared the humble tent when they learned my identity, and the means by which I had arrived at Tafilet; but what amused them more than all—and to such an extent did they laugh that one or two of their comrades came from the tent near by to ask what was the matter—was my Moorish rosary, on which, at the hours of prayer, I had religiously mumbled as many as I knew of the "attributes of God," letting bead by bead slip through my fingers the while.

It was not long before I received a message from Kaid Maclean to the effect that he could not come and see me, or I go to him, until the Sultan's wishes were known, but he kindly offered to supply me with anything that I might be in want of.

It was evening before any news reached me, and then one of the head soldiers of Sid Fadhoul Gharnet, the Vizier, came to me with the message that my presence had been made known to the Sultan, and that his Majesty was exceedingly enraged at my temerity in coming to Tafilet, and had ordered that no communication was to take place between any of the officials and myself, while my request that I might be lent a tent was refused. The orders, in fact, were that I was to remain with the five soldiers in the tent until it should please his Majesty to send me away, and at the same time Kaid Maclean was strictly enjoined to hold no communication, direct or indirect, with me—in fact, I was under arrest. However, I was faring better than my poor men, who had shared all the hardship of the journey with me, and who now had to spend the intense heat of the day and the intense cold of night in the open air; for what with five soldiers and myself in one small and torn native tent there was scarcely room as it was. For

five days I remained thus, but on the fifth day, my illness having taken so serious a turn, the Sultan's French doctor, who with Kaid Maclean were the only European officers of the Sultan's staff with him, was called in, and operated on the quinzy in my throat; and such an account did he give of the bad state of my health that the Sultan was "graciously pleased" to allow of my removal to Kaid Maclean's tents, where I spent another five days before leaving Tafilet—and very different they were from the first five.

Now having told of my personal experiences at the camp, a few words must be written as to the vast assemblage of people with whom I had found myself, and as to the organisation of the Sultan's army when engaged, as at present, on the "summer expedition."

The constant presence of inter-tribal warfare in Morocco necessitates that the ruler of the country should continually be on the move, remaining certain periods of time in the different capitals. With the facilities for travel which exist in Europe this would be by no means a matter of any great difficulty, but in Morocco it is otherwise. The Sultan and all those who accompany him—and his retinue

could be counted by tens of thousands—have to perform the long journeys on horseback and with baggage animals, necessitating not only an enormous number of mules, camels, and horses, but also a complicated transport and commissariat system, which, taking into consideration the great difficulties experienced, is by no means mismanaged. It has been the fashion lately to heap abuse upon the Sultan and his compatriots indiscriminately. No doubt there is lacking a great deal of what to our European and educated minds is necessary, especially with regard to government and justice; yet at the same time it cannot be denied that Mulai Hassen has many good points, not least among them an astounding ability of organisation; and when one considers that he conveys his whole army for months at a time into such out-of-the-way regions as the Sahara desert, or the forests of Ait Yussi and Zimmour, or the heights of the Atlas, where provisions are nil and the dangers great, not to mention the entire absence of roads—when one considers all this, and the fact that, as a rule, both his Majesty and his troops return from these great expeditions, travel-stained, it is true, but alive and generally in tolerably good condition, one cannot but admire the immense power for organisation possessed by his Shereefian Majesty. It must be remembered that these expeditions can in no way be compared with those of African negroes, who travel without baggage and without commissariat; for the Sultan, his Viziers, and the members of his Government go provided, not only with every comfort, but always in no little luxury. At Tafilet during my sojourn his Majesty was feeding every night no less than nine thousand six hundred animals, besides which nearly all the Governors of Morocco were accompanying him, each swelling the army by irregular horsemen—"Maghasnia"—to the extent of an average of perhaps two hundred and fifty horses per governor. An estimate as nearly as correct as such a thing could be of the Sultan's following upon this occasion gives a result of between forty and fifty thousand men, who were encamped in the huge "Mahalla" at Tafilet. Even in a more marked degree than on the march does one find organisation and regularity within the camp. A few words must be said as to the pitching of the vast number of tents. A suitable camping-ground having been arranged beforehand, on the arrival of the baggage animals the Sultan's tents are struck. Then a certain distance, some three or four hundred yards, is paced out, and at a radius of this measurement a circle of tents is pitched for the regular troops. This circle is generally two tents deep. Here the soldiers supplied by the various tribes are quartered, a certain length of the circle being allotted to each tribe, the remainder being occupied by the artillery. The Sultan's private encampment is surrounded by a high wall of canvas, and consists of many tents. The enclosure is again subdivided, a separate space being put aside for his Majesty's women—of whom on this journey some eighty accompanied him, many of them being black slaves. No one enters either of these enclosures, except on the first pitching of the tents for arranging their contents. After this is once done no man enters; the Sultan's office tent—gorgeous in red and green and gold—being pitched outside, as is also the mosque tent,



YOUNG WOMEN OF TAFILET DRYING DATES.

in which he prays. Between the Sultan's enclosure and the outer line of tents are pitched those of the officials of the Government, together with the Sultan's relations and the Governors of the tribes, with the exception of a large open space opposite the Sultan's office, which is untenanted and surrounded by the field-guns which are invariably taken with him. Here all the State receptions are held. The result of all this is that the Sultan of Morocco's camp is a sight which it is necessary to see

in order to realise. Nor is this all; for the commander-in-chief, or his deputy (for the head of the army is in ill-health), possesses a second camp, only slightly smaller than that of the Sultan, while, when at Taflet, half a mile away from the great camp was that of Mulai Mahammed, the Sultan's eldest son—like his father's, a sea of white tents. Add to all this the constant coming and going of officials on richly caparisoned mules, the gaudily dressed soldiers though their uniforms do not bear close inspection—the numbers of horses, mules, and camels, not to mention the constant flow of all sorts and conditions of men, and one pictures to some extent what the Sultan's encampment is like.

At the time of my visit to the camp at Taflet the Sultan and his horde had been for some seven months on the march, having left Fez the previous April. He had proceeded through the Berber tribes of Ait Yussi and Beni Mguild; crossed the Atlas near Jibl Ayashin, and followed the Wad Ziz through Medaghra and Ertib, until he had reached his goal at Taflet, the original home of his family, where his ancestor, the father of the founder of the present dynasty, Mulai Ali Shereef, lies buried. During one of the Fridays on which I found myself in the camp I was fortunate enough to witness one of those fine pageants in which the heart of the Moor so truly delights, and in the carrying out of which he is not to be excelled. The function of which I speak was the visit of Mulai Hassen to the tomb of his much revered ancestor. These great processions in Morocco have often been described in full; an allusion need only be made here to the gorgeous *tout ensemble* of cavalry and foot-soldiers; to the brilliant array of banners of every

rebellious collection of tribes under him it is not a little difficult to govern them as our refined ideas of government would wish. But I find as one's knowledge of Morocco increases, one discovers, as a rule, that what appear to be flagrant cruelties at first, are, as often as not, punishment for cruelties inflicted by the offenders far more flagrant. I refer, of course, only to the personal action of the Sultan, for with his governors the case is often otherwise, the cruelties being inflicted merely as a means of obtaining wealth.

There is not opportunity here to write of half that I heard and saw in Taflet during my visit to that oasis and the nine days I stayed there, for on the tenth morning I left for Morocco City, Kaid Maclean, always so hospitable and kind, having taken me under his wing and allowed me to share the comforts of his camp. Of my journey back, more anon.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN, OLD AND NEW.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In a foreign country, where the language and manners, and even complexions, are all unlike our own, we are often pleased and surprised to find that the dogs and the cats do not differ from our friends of their species in England. In much the same way children, I think, do not differ much in various countries, nor in course of time. The dog of to-day is exactly the dog whom Plato describes, and in any Highland or Lowland shieling the collies behave precisely like the collies of Eumeus, that divine swineherd. So the toys of children unearthed from Greek

about good, dear, misunderstood infants, whom, of course, they wish to imitate. *L'enfant incompris* is the parent of the *femme incomprise*: the New Woman. Dr. Johnson's earliest love in literature was the story of St. George and the Dragon. "The recollection of such reading as had delighted him in his infancy made him always persist in fancying that it was the only reading which would please an infant," and he used to condemn Mrs. Thrale for giving Newbery's books to her young ones. "Babies do not want to hear about babies." Unluckily they do want to hear about their fictitious peers. The Doctor was wrong so far, but they should not be encouraged. "They like to be told of giants and castles, and of something which can stretch and stimulate their little minds." Happily they still like that kind of romance also. Mrs. Piozzi objected that "Tommy Prudent" and "Goody Two Shoes" sold well. "The parents buy the books, and the children never read them," replied the Doctor. Certainly children do, or did, read "Goody Two Shoes," but "Tommy Prudent" is forgotten. As a rule, the little gilt children's books of that age were manuals of selfish snobbishness and evangelical otherworldliness. Doubtless the "new child" of the period was a terrible little prig and hypocrite. Boswell, we know, was a fine boy, who prayed for King James, till his uncle, by the gift and bribe of a shilling, transferred Bozzy's infantile orisons to the account of King George.

It is plain that, as far as "showing off" went, parents were as foolish, and children as "new," under George II. as under Queen Victoria. The precocious infantile scepticism of our time is probably only the counterpart of the precocious infantile piety of the last century. Old or new, children are as imitative as monkeys; they go out on strike instead of going to church, just as, in the Douglas war, they fought each other like fiends, and stoned each other as Burgundians and Armagnacs at Maxey and Domremy. Even Dr. Johnson started as an infant sceptic, and at the age of ten had "scruples of infidelity." Probably he had read about grown-up scruples in a tract; however, from his sense of being a very bad boy he "began to deduce the soul's immortality." Eternity was not too long to punish such a sinner as young Sam. Mr. Louis Stevenson informed me once that the Shorter Catechism produced a similar effect on his infant speculations, which gave me a very high sense of his early powers. The idea of presuming to understand the Shorter Catechism never had entered into my own meditations. Mrs. Piozzi very much shocked the Doctor, when he told her all these things, by the acute but unexpected remark, "Why, Sir, how like is all this to Jean Jacques Rousseau!" Even Jean Jacques was not a "new child," only a clever child. In religious education we bring the infant mind into contact with mysteries. Most children (like the present writer) do not trouble themselves with these deep matters, but go forth and whip tops, or fish; but very clever children undergo the intellectual toils of the adult intelligence. "The first corruption that entered into my heart was communicated in a dream," said the Doctor, but he was much agitated by the recollection, and refused to enlighten Mrs. Piozzi's curiosity.

The Doctor was "exceedingly disposed to the general indulgence of childhood," though he did snub the little girl who had not read the "Pilgrim's Progress." As a rule he was "scrupulously and ceremoniously attentive not to offend them," for which he had good warrant in the New Testament. "You teach your daughters the diameters of the planets, and wonder that they do not delight in your company." I knew a lady who well remembered Mrs. Piozzi, and in Mrs. Piozzi's company she assuredly did not delight, whether by reason of the diameters of the planets or not I cannot say. The Doctor, like a wise man, set his face against "holiday tasks," and induced Dr. Sumner to abandon them; but Dr. Sumner died in these very holidays. Boys do not change or become "new," whatever little girls may do in that way. They evade "the absurd tyranny of poisoning the hour of permitted pleasure" by never doing their holiday tasks. The Doctor had been a schoolmaster; "he keepit a schule, and ca'd it an academy." He knew about boys, but he was far in advance of his age, and holiday tasks are still set by the infatuation of dominies.

Mr. Justice Mathew has succeeded Lord Justice Lindley as Chairman of the Council of Legal Education. This is a well-merited compliment to the learned judge, who has taken a deep interest in the curriculum for some time past.

A return has been published showing, with reference to the Session of 1895, the number of days occupied by Government and by private members. The following is a summary of the return: Number of sittings on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at which Government had precedence, 38; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at which private members had precedence, 29 (of which ten were evening sittings); other sittings at which, in accordance with the standing orders of the House, Government business had precedence, 38; and under a special order of the House, 34. There was one Saturday sitting. The total number of days on which the House sat was 97, and the number of days on which Government business had precedence was 77, of which 11 were morning sittings only. Seventeen days were spent on Supply.

KASBAH OF SEKOURA.

hue, and many richly embroidered in gold; to the Sultan in white, riding a white horse, saddled and trapped in white-and-gold, while over his Majesty's head waved the great crimson umbrella of State. The wild music of the band, the prostrated spectators, the thick clouds of fine white dust, and the thousands of tents formed fitting additions to a spectacle which must be seen to be appreciated.

The Sultan's life in camp is a simple one. Rising at dawn, he prays in the mosque tent, and then settles down to his work, remaining usually in his office until midday, when he retires for a siesta, returning to his labours after the afternoon prayers. His office-tent is of red-and-green cloth, supported on four poles. Here is arranged a sort of lounge with a back, the seat being low down to the ground. On this the Sultan sits, the Viziers and officials standing outside the large open doors of the tent, and receiving his Majesty's orders. A list of the current affairs necessitating Mulai Hassen's approval or the contrary is handed by the Vizier to the Sultan, and read by him, the answer to each detail being marked in pencil as he proceeds. The slip of papers is then returned to the Vizier, who retires to his tent, and the letters are written by the Government scribes and the Sultan's seal affixed at the head of each. They are then returned to his Majesty, who reads them and marks his approval by a slight pencil mark at the foot of the date. No letter is sent out bearing the Sultan's seal which is not first personally approved of by his Majesty, and the amount of labour this necessitates can easily be imagined. Besides being his own Foreign Minister he fills the office of all the other Secretaries of State, and in fact regulates the entire government of his country. That abuses exist which are carried out with Mulai Hassen's knowledge is certain, but whenever he discovers any case of flagrant injustice he is always ready to punish it, though unfortunately by far the larger number of cases never reach his ears. As a rule his Majesty, though stern and not always capable of keeping entire control of his temper, is just, according to Mahammedan law and the necessities of his jurisdiction, as he sees them; for with a turbulent,

graves or Egyptian, the balls, the dolls, the beasts on wheels, are like English children's playthings; except in so far as they are often made not of wood, but of terra-cotta. One infers that little Greek or Egyptian lads and lasses would have been pretty, playful, friendly beings, and that those grave Jewish brats of whom was the kingdom of Heaven were presently trailing earthenware dogs and nursing rag dolls in the streets of Capernaum.

For these reasons I am not inclined to believe much in the "New Child," the self-conscious infant who "shows off," and revels in exhibitions of its tricks, as described by a lady in *Good Words*. The children of the children one knew in the sixties are very like what their mothers were. As to "showing off," reciting, singing, and the like, that is the fault of silly parents, and is not novel at all.

"The trick which most parents play with their children, that of showing off their newly acquired accomplishments, disgusted Mr. Johnson beyond expression," says Mrs. Piozzi. The Doctor, the child of elderly parents, had himself been a show-child, an infant phenomenon, and he had disliked the situation. He "was mortified at the recollection of the bustle his parents made with his wit." Yet it was not in nature that, having such a babe, parents should hide the light under a bushel. "He used, when neighbours came in a-visiting, to run up a tree." So the Doctor averred; but as an old and ponderous philosopher he did not disdain to show off, and once jumped over a chair, to the horror of Mrs. Piozzi. Yet, "full of indignation against parents who delight to produce their young ones early into the talking world, I have known Mr. Johnson give a good deal of pain by refusing to hear the verses the children could recite." Assuredly that parent "tried Dr. Johnson very high" who wanted to make him hear two lads recite alternate verses of Gray's "Elegy" all through from beginning to end. "Nay, Sir, let the dears both recite it at once: more noise will by that means be made, and the noise will be sooner over."

Dr. Johnson had the most just ideas about books for children. Now they too often read a kind of baby novel,





FANNIE MOODY.

"CONSCIENCE DOETH MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL."—BY FANNIE MOODY.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My remarks on the Ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed water mole of Australia, and the discovery of its egg-laying habits, have elicited from a correspondent certain interesting details. This gentleman tells me that between 1854 and 1856 he killed a number of these creatures; two of them he has preserved as stuffed specimens. These two were male and female, and out of the body of the female he took two eggs. They had large yolks—larger than a hen's yolk—but little white, and were enveloped in a delicate membrane in lieu of shell. My correspondent lays stress on the fact that this female had spurs, and adds that he does not remember ever having killed even a young Ornithorhynchus of either sex without spurs. The natural history notion is that only the males have spurs. When my correspondent visited England in 1856, and told some friends of the egg-laying habits of these quadrupeds, he was "laughed to scorn." From information obtained from the natives, my correspondent believes that the young duck-bill bursts the covering of the egg very soon after the egg has been laid. The process of incubation or hatching, he thinks, is therefore practically absent. The young are under three inches in length, and fasten themselves to the maternal teat, remaining so attached, as does the young kangaroo in the pouch of the mother, until it has grown considerably. Regarding the poisonous nature of the spur, my correspondent says that he himself has never known any offensive use of that organ, nor has he ever heard natives declare it to be poisonous. The researches I quoted some weeks ago in this column, however, appear to leave no doubt as to the virulent nature of the secretion of the gland connected with the spur.

My correspondent also remarks on the relatively disproportionate size of the kangaroos at birth, and at the adult stage. I suppose the young of a big red kangaroo, 5 or 6 ft. high as an adult, is only about 3 in. long when born, and looks more like a thickened worm than anything else. This circumstance is an excellent illustration of the fact that these obvious changes in form we call "metamorphosis" in such animals as the frogs and insects, are really as typically represented in the marsupial kangaroos as in lower life. That certainly must be regarded as a singular metamorphosis which results in the building up of a huge body from a relative speck. Indeed, all developments are of the nature of metamorphoses. The fact is, that we see these changes very plainly in the frog or butterfly, while they are simply obscured in the case of most other animals. And the study of metamorphosis is invaluable, as teaching us the past history of animal forms. The development of the single animal is a panoramic vision or display of the evolution of its race.

I observe that in the Section of Pathology of the British Medical Association, Drs. St. Clair Thomson and Hewlett, discussing some problems of germ-life, told their hearers that each Londoner breathes in about 14,000 microbes per hour. It is added that these microbes "remain" within the human body, seeing that the air we breathe out is free of all germ-life. Now this word "remain," it seems to me, is apt to produce a somewhat confused idea in the public mind. The microbes do not go on accumulating in an unaltered fashion in the living body. On the contrary, we know that they are disposed of, broken up, and disintegrated by the action of the cells and tissues with which they come in contact. Again, let us remember that by far the vast majority of these microbes are utterly harmless. They form the great swarming germ-population of the air. They are not disease-germs, although, no doubt, among the numbers we hourly inhale, there must be a quantum of disease-producing specks. These latter, even, do not necessarily produce disease in us, because, if our bodies are healthy and our tissues robust, they present no soil wherein the disease-microbes may settle down and grow.

Also, I do not know that the popular idea that all the microbes we inhale must of necessity reach our lungs can be quite justified. What about the work of the tonsils, and what of the cordon of protective leucocytes (or white blood-cells), which it seems to be the function of the tonsils to produce, and to throw out as a guard to the throat and lung passages? I suspect the forces and powers of the living body to cope with its microbial invasion are much more powerful than we are given to suppose. Many of the microbes we are apt to contemn and despise, let us also remember, are useful, if not necessary, to us. In the work of digestion, particularly, it would seem that but for the germs which normally inhabit our digestive tract, the work of that system could not be properly performed.

The upas-tree has acquired, in poetic phases of things especially, a most unenviable reputation. Its deadly influence has been supposed to possess the power of emanating from its leaves, and of making the air around dangerous to man. It seems that in Java there are more upas-trees than the one celebrated in fiction and in science alike. The real upas is the *Antiaris toxicaria*, and one drop of the latex of this tree is sufficient to kill a dog. The latex is the specialised juice of plants, familiarly seen in the "milk" of the dandelion. The upas, it seems, has been cultivated in the Botanical Gardens at Tjikomoli; but neither in the gardens nor in the plantation, where upwards of seventy specimens are growing, have any ill effects been experienced by people after remaining in the neighbourhood of the plants.

Some of the medical journals have again been ventiling the topic of seaside sanitation. This is, of course, a never-failing theme. So long as people will be content to exchange their comfortable town houses for small insanitary dwellings, or for stuffy apartments at health-resorts, and regard the exchange as in every way desirable, so long may the sanitary reformer be likened to one crying in the wilderness. In respect of sanitary arrangements, seaside medical officers of health are doing capital work. More yet remains to be done before health, or at least a fair chance of it, can be guaranteed by a visit to a health-resort.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. WALLER (Luton).—We have not had time to run through your criticism, but we venture to think it is more likely that Mr. Lasker is a better judge of the possibilities of a position than you are. It is so easy to make a mistake in analysis.

T. ROBERTS (Hackney).—The White King is intended to stand at K R 6th, and the merit of the problem is that there are so many nearly possible ways of solving it. Do not be beaten; we believe it to be quite correct.

OLIVER ICINGLA.—We should have been quite satisfied with one solution to No. 2680, but unfortunately there is not even that. It cannot be done.

CASTLE LEA.—There is no solution the way you propose to No. 2680. The author's solution, which is very good, is also impossible.

ALPHA.—The Doctor will doubtless be pleased to hear that you appreciate his efforts.

M. BURKE.—He is the Italian representative, and it is his first appearance in high-class play. We are not acquainted with his previous performances.

H. E. KIDSON.—Very acceptable.

G. DOUGLAS ANGAS.—Thanks for problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2667 and 2668 received from E. C. Uthoff (Mungindi, Queensland); of No. 2674 from A. H. (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2678 from Evans (Port Hope); of No. 2679 from J. F. Moon and T. Shakespear (Lucerne).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2681 received from E. Loudon, F. Waller (Luton), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), M. Burke, R. Worts (Camberley), R. H. Brooks, Dawn, Shadforth, W. Wright, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), N. Harris, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), and Alpha.

PROBLEM NO. 2680.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE.

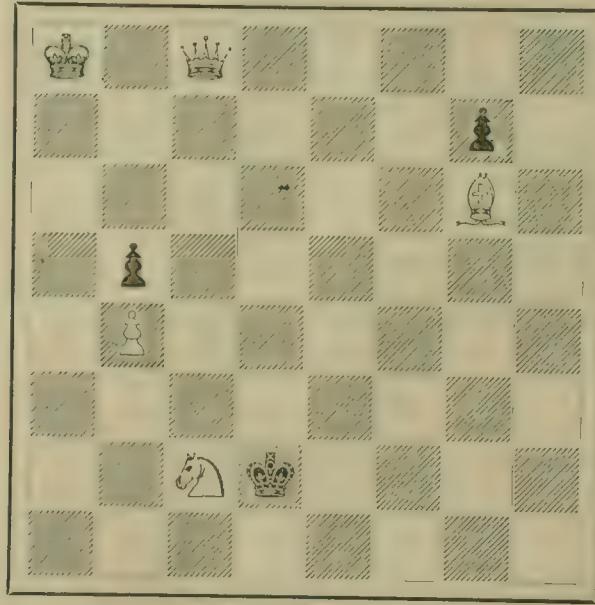
BLACK.

This is the author's move; but if Black play 1. B to B 7th there is no mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2683.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT HASTINGS.

Game played in the twelfth round between Messrs. LASKER and PILLSBURY.

(Ruy Lopez)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. R to K B sq	Q to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. Q to R 6th	Q to Q 5th (ch)
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 3rd	24. K to R sq	Q takes P
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	25. Q takes R P	
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 2nd		White now proceeds to extricate himself in a very clever fashion, and the capture of this Pawn proves the turning point of the game.
6. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	26. Q to R 4th	P to B 3rd
7. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K 2nd	27. Q to K 4th	Q to Q 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	28. P to Q R 4th	
9. Castles	B to K 3rd	29. P to R 3rd	P to Kt 5th
So far the opening is slightly in Black's favour, both Bishops being now well posted for attack, and Castling can be effected in perfect safety.		30. Q to K sq	P to K 5th
10. B to Kt 3rd	Castles	31. P to R 5th	P to Q 4th
11. B to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th	32. P to R 6th	Q to K 2nd
A good move, which practically compels an exchange of Bishops, and opens for Black the K B file.		33. Q to Kt 3rd	P to K 6th
12. B takes B	P takes B	34. R to R sq	Q to B 3rd
To prevent P to B 5th, followed by B takes Kt, etc.	R to Kt sq	35. R to K sq	P to Q 5th
13. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	36. P to R 7th	Q to Q sq
14. Q R to Kt sq	Kt to B 5th	37. R to R sq	Q to R sq
15. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to K 5th	38. Q to Q 6th	R to Kt 2nd
16. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q 5th	Black's game had become well-nigh hopeless, but all chance is now destroyed by the text move. R to Kt 4th affords the best prospect of further fight.	
17. Kt to K 2nd	B to K 4th	39. Qtk P (at B 6th) P to K 7th	
18. P to K B 4th	Kt takes Kt (ch)	40. Q takes R	Resigns
19. Q takes Kt	B takes P		
20. B takes B	R takes B		
21. R takes R	Q takes R		
The game is now decided in Black's favour, and ought to have been won from this point.			

We give above the game which probably decides the first prize in the Hastings Tournament. By winning it Mr. Lasker puts himself into the first position, and although he is hard pressed by Messrs. Tschigorin and Pillsbury, it is difficult at the moment of writing to see how he can be displaced. The contest has been marked during the past week by fine play, some of the older masters showing a noteworthy improvement in their style. The amateur tournament has commenced with the large entry of thirty-two. A ladies' competition is also in course of arrangement.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Bathing is now the order of the day at some hundreds of seaside resorts, and this is the moment that has been selected by an American critic for exposing the lamentable want of propriety in the costumes worn by men at our English watering-places. We are, in fact, a curiously affected and unreal people on all these topics. It is still the rule in most of the English bathing towns that men and women shall not be allowed to be beside each other in the water; but at the same time, as the American saw with horror, men all but absolutely without clothing are allowed to disport themselves in the surf at the most accessible and populous parts of the beach. Nowhere else in the world, except among savages who care for none of these things, is such an exposure to be witnessed. Elsewhere, at the "fastest" French and American watering-places, for instance, all men bathers wear a respectable costume, extending from the neck to the knees. Then there is no real and valid objection to water parties of both sexes. But in England we strain at the gnat of properly dressed men being in the water near fully costumed women, and are perfectly content to swallow the camel of fat men of fifty sauntering about practically unclothed a few yards from the surf-line on the sands where mothers and nurses with their companies of young girls are sitting. Our American critic has reason in his strictures; if our Town Councils would abrogate the bye-laws that forbid men and women to enter the water within so many hundred yards of each other, and would instead construct rules compelling all men bathing near the populous parts of the beach to don such a costume as always is worn during public displays of swimming clubs, it would be more decent, and at the same time would be advantageous to the weaker sex by giving them opportunities of learning to swim with fathers and brothers with a sense of security.

It is both surprising and sad to see how comparatively few ladies, even yet, attempt to swim when bathing in the sea. The opportunity for them to do so if they can is now afforded. Middle-aged women can remember when all "ladies' bathing-machines" were provided with huge overhanging hoods at the back, and it was considered a very bold and forward female who ventured thoroughly outside that protection into the gaze of the idlers on the beach. The only proper way of bathing then was to bob up and down in the four superficial feet or so thus enclosed. At the same time, the orthodox bathing-dress was a loose sack of heavy blue serge, that was so weighty when soaked with sea-water that even a strong man would have been exhausted by swimming in it for ten minutes, and which had the further drawback that when its wearer did swim it floated up round her limbs. There was much commotion when some ladies began to wear the truly proper "divided" costume, just as there now is over the similar dress for bicycling; but, having reason on its side, it made its way, and now not only does every woman build her own private bathing-dress "bifurcated," but even the machine proprietor is converted, and provides hired garments of that pattern. So, with a proper dress and free and open sea now allowed to them, there is no longer any restriction on women swimmers. Yet the immense majority of the lady bathers at the sea still do nothing but bob in the breakers, a practice far less conducive to health and enjoyment, and far less graceful, than a swim.

Undoubtedly the chief reason for this deficiency amongst women is the comparatively small opportunity that they have for learning to swim. While a small boy can get a bath wherever there is a pond or a river, his sister, even amongst the poorer classes, is naturally and necessarily forbidden a like freedom. This cannot be helped. But what is a real grievance, and one that I hope this paragraph will call attention to in every large town that has rate-supported baths, is the small provision made for women swimmers by public authorities. Women ratepayers are taxed to provide this accommodation, and it is a curious fact, shown in the accounts of several towns published in Mr. Frederick Dolman's "Municipalities at Work," that public baths are the most unremunerative kind of ordinary municipal enterprises. They very seldom pay their own expenses, while municipal gas-supply, water-supply, lodging houses, tramways, and all manner of other businesses, save the rates when managed by the town authorities for the townspeople. But baths almost always cause a loss to the ratepayers, and their cost is only justified by the argument that they are a physical and moral benefit to the public. As women have to bear their share of the pecuniary loss, they are entitled to their full portion of the compensating benefit. But do they get it? Inquire, my dear reader, in your own town how many hours per week the swimming bath is open for men and how many for women. In my own London parish there are two large baths supported from the rates. At one, women are only admitted from nine to twelve on Saturday mornings, the most inconvenient time of the week for the house mistress to go, but nevertheless the bath is so crowded that a quick swim down it is impossible; while at the other bath women are admitted only to the second-class portion of the bath on one afternoon and evening of the week, being charged first-class price for the comparatively dirty, dark bath in the earlier two hours and second-class price afterwards. In much the same way, as far as I have been able to inquire, women are everywhere neglected. It is a sad pity, and ought to be reformed.

Blouses are worn at the sea by almost everybody. There is no doubt that they are going to continue into the autumn, for I learn that the "buyers" who purchase the stock-in-trade of the great shops are already laying in piles of blouses in warmer materials, such as the humble flannelette, the stately merino, the respectable silk (well-lined), and the pleasing crépon. The last-named material is still to be with us, notwithstanding its already long period of popularity. For children at the sea red is a capital colour; it harmonises so well with the grey waves and the yellow sands, and the green lawns and fields that are usually near. There is no more serviceable material than the old "Turkey-red," made up either with smocking or with a plain yoke having gathers set in.

SUMMER HEAT AND OBESITY.

Summer heat, with the outdoor enjoyments which come in its train, is a source of unmixed delight to all whose physical condition is sound. The full feast of pleasure to which hospitable nature at this season invites mankind is not, however, for those whose infirmities forbid them to undergo, without serious discomfort, a considerable amount of bodily fatigue. To those in particular who are the victims of excessive corpulence the arrival of the genial summer warmth serves chiefly as a painful reminder that for them the delights of long woodland rambles, the climbing of mountain-tops, and all the adventurous ways of flood and field are prohibited joys. The palpitating heart, the reeling brain, and the possible deadly sunstroke, which are the concomitants of obesity, banish all the pleasant anticipations which once came with the advent of the glad summertide. How much of this deprivation of enjoyment and positive misery is absolutely and easily avoidable may be learned by consulting Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulence and the Cure" (256 pages), a little work whose popularity is proved by the fact that its eighteenth edition has just been issued. This fact, too, indicates in some degree the wide area now covered by Mr. Russell's wonderful success as an expert in the reduction of excessive fat. His process, which is absolutely safe and pleasant, is so rapid in its operation that any over-corpulent lady or gentleman can easily get rid of all unnecessary weight in a very few weeks, so as to be able, before the autumn is with us, to enjoy the delightful feeling (and the appearance too) of renewed youth and energy. Mr. Russell makes no mystery of the nature of his curative preparation—apparently miraculous as are its effects in simultaneously reducing weight and increasing appetite—the subsequently larger amount of food being consumed with impunity. He prints, therefore, his recipe in his singularly suggestive book, which may be obtained, post free, by sending six penny stamps to his offices, Woburn House, 27, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C.

CORPULENCE.—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many persons are doubtless familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised in a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging of us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpulence and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the

system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had post free by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's office, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled, within a very brief period and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation, to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his modus operandi, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

THE MISERY OF CORPULENCE.

A copy has come to hand of the just issued Eighteenth Edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulence and the Cure" (256 pages), the clever little volume which, more than anything else, has brought about a revolution in the treatment of obesity. That the still larger circulation implied by the issue of the new edition of this popular work is necessary is proved by such a paragraph as the following. It appears among the answers to correspondence in the "Dress and Fashion" column of a London Sunday newspaper with a large circulation:—"MISERABLE. A young girl of eighteen ought not to have such a large stomach that no dress looks well. Perhaps you require exercise and dieting." The helpless vagueness of this reply to a young girl who is naturally "miserable" on account of her unseemly obesity is a sufficient evidence that Mr. Russell does well in seeking to make known, even more widely than they are at present, the simplicity, the efficiency, the rapidity, and the delightful surroundings of his treatment for the reduction of superabundant fat. The young girl in question, who might exercise and diet herself for months without any appreciable improvement, may easily learn to imitate the example of thousands of ladies, of all ages, who, by the use of Mr. Russell's pure vegetable preparation, have reduced their weight at the rate of pounds per week, and sometimes (but only when necessary, for the working of the cure is virtually automatic, stopping its effects when the normal limit is reached) stones per month. She may acquire this open secret—for the author makes no mystery about the ingredients of his recipe, by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of the book will be sent post free. If she follow his instructions, "Miserable," without any fasting regimen, and without excessive exercise, will find herself being quickly reduced to shapely proportions, with an improved appetite, and full liberty to gratify it.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Corpulent people will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one pound or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no question of starvation. A noticeable reduction is guaranteed within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient in some cases may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. The treatment aims at the root of the disease, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. The attention of stout people should be called to this fact. For their information a book entitled "Corpulence and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign) and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by enclosing six penny stamps.

"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCE.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the converse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulence naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulence and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.). These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book (which is forwarded, post free, for six penny stamps) the recipe for the preparation.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 17, 1895), with a codicil (dated the following day), of Mr. Joseph Thomas Palmer, printing-ink manufacturer, of 8, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, and Marsh Gate Lane, Stratford, late of Debden Hall, Loughton, Essex, who died on May 24, was proved on Aug. 6 by Frank Randall Palmer and Joseph John Palmer, the sons, and William Richard Clarke, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £178,194. The testator gives his freehold factory at Marsh Gate Lane, his premises in Wine Office Court, the goodwill of his business, and all the machinery, plant, stock-in-trade, etc., and balance at bankers, on his business account, as to two-fourths to his son Frank Randall, one-fourth to his son Joseph John, and one-fourth upon trust to pay the income to his sister-in-law, Ellen Lellyett, for life, and subject thereto for his two sons equally. He bequeaths £1000 and all his wines and consumable stores to his said sister-in-law, and she is to have the use and occupation of the Debden Hall property, with the furniture and effects, horses and carriages, farming stock, etc., for three years from his death if she remains a spinster, all the household and farming expenses being paid out of his estate. There are legacies to brothers, sister, nephew, niece, clerks, warehouseman, and one of his domestic servants; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Gertrude Lellyett Clarke, and then for her children or other issue as she may appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1884), with a codicil (dated Dec. 31 following), of Mr. John Lawson Kennedy, formerly of Ardwick Hall, Manchester, and late of Hazel Green, Whalley Range, Lancashire, and Knocknalling, Galloway, N.B., who died on May 5, was proved in London on Aug. 14 by John Murray Kennedy, the son, and John Rigby Murray, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £142,600. The testator leaves two carriages and a pair of horses and harness to his wife; £1200 per annum, his mansion-house at Knocknalling, including the shrubberies, offices, pasture, and meadows, with the household furniture and effects, cows, etc., and his plate, whether in England or Scotland, to his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son, John Murray Kennedy.

The will (dated March 9, 1895), of Mr. George Woofindin, of 2, Kenwood Bank, Sharrow, Sheffield, who died on June 21, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Aug. 1 by Alfred Ernest Maxfield, George Henry Hunt, Edward Mitchel Gibbs, and Sydney Jessop, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £131,493. The testator bequeaths £700 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, to build a life-boat to be called "The George Woofindin"; £400 to the Sheffield Public Hospital; £300 each to the Sheffield Institution for the Blind, and the Railway Servants' Orphanage, Derby; and £200 each to the Free Hospital at Sheffield for sick children, the Cherry Tree Orphanage at Totley, near Sheffield, and the Sailors' Orphanage, Port of Hull. He

also bequeaths £200 each to his executors; two freehold houses, £1000; and his gold watch and appendages to his nephew, James Vincent Woofindin; an annuity of £100 to his housekeeper, Emma Gravé; £1500 to his niece, Annie Maul Woofindin; £900 additional to his executor, Mr. Sydney Jessop; £200 to George Sydney Jessop; £400 to John Tomes Charton; and £20 each to his domestic servants under the said Emma Gravé. He leaves one third of the residue of his real and personal estate to his trustees, to lay out, with the sanction of the Court or the Charity Commissioners, such a sum as they shall think proper in the purchase of a site in the parish of Sheffield, and to erect, furnish, and equip almshouses thereon to be called

"The George Woofindin Almshouses," to be used for providing homes for deserving poor persons of both sexes, preference being given to those aged sixty or upwards, and having lived longest in, or in the neighbourhood of, Sheffield. So much of the one third as is not so expended may be applied in the management, and subject thereto in the maintenance of the inmates. The remaining two thirds of the residue he leaves to his trustees to purchase a site, with the like sanction, within twenty miles of St. Peter's Church, Sheffield, and thereon to erect, furnish, and equip a Convalescent Home, to be called "The George Woofindin Convalescent Home," and if there are sufficient funds to acquire a site at any seaside place and erect there and furnish and equip a subsidiary convalescent home. The balance of the two thirds is to be applied in keeping the said home or homes in repair, in providing for the management, and in the maintenance and treatment of the inmates. In selecting the inmates preference is to be given to persons having lived longest in, or in the neighbourhood of, Sheffield.

The will (dated March 13, 1886), with four codicils (dated Nov. 1, 1887; May 4, 1888; Sept. 17, 1891, and Nov. 9, 1894), of Mr. Thomas John Birch, J.P., of Armitage Lodge, Rugeley, Staffordshire, who died on May 4, has been proved at the Lichfield District Registry by Miss Louisa Julia Birch, Mrs. Constance Jemima Foster, and Mrs. Alice Mary Arnold, the daughters, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to £126,038. The testator bequeaths the silver cup presented to him as chairman of the Cannock and Rugeley Colliery Company to his daughter Louisa Jane for life, with remainder to her first and other sons in tail male, with remainder in similar terms to his second, third, and fourth daughters successively; and legacies to his solicitor, and to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his four daughters, Louisa Julia, Constance Jemima, Alice Mary, and Ada Elizabeth, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 29, 1884), with three codicils (dated July 16, 1886, Aug. 17, 1891, and Aug. 27, 1894), of Dame Frances Smith, widow of Sir John James Smith, Bart., of Sydling St. Nicholas, and Down House, Dorset; of Somerton Erleigh, Somersetshire, and 30, Berkeley Square, who died on June 1, was proved on Aug. 7 by Colonel William Pinney, the brother, Frederick Wake

Pinney, Reginald Bosworth Smith, and Sir William James Farrer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,962. The testatrix appoints certain trust funds under the power given to her by the will of her late husband, as to one third to the Rev. Reginald Southwell Smith, a brother of her husband, and if he shall have died in her lifetime, then to his children; and one third each to the children of the Rev. Francis Smith and Major Edward Heathcote Smith, also brothers of her late husband. There are numerous legacies to friends, godchildren, and servants; and the residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her brother Colonel William Pinney.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1891), with a codicil (dated March 26, 1895), of Mr. Robert Aikenhead, J.P., of Otterington Hall, Yorkshire, who died on July 5, was proved on Aug. 14 by Mrs. Frances Annie Aikenhead, the widow, and Frederick Davison, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,346. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, and live stock to his wife; and £100 to his coachman, Samuel Hart. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to such uses and upon such trusts as the trustees of his will shall appoint; in default of such appointment he gives £300 per annum to his son Frank during the joint lives of himself and his (testator's) wife; and the remainder of the trust estate to the use of his wife, for life, or so long as she shall remain his widow. On the cesser of her life interest he makes up the portion of his daughter Caroline with what she will succeed under his marriage settlement to £8000; and the ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his son Frank, for life, and then for his children or remoter issue as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 31, 1889), of Mr. William Bolden Bolden, J.P., D.L., of Hynning, Lancashire, who died on June 26, was proved at the Lancaster District Registry on July 15 by John Leonard Bolden, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,353. The testator devises his manors of Warton and Warton with Lindeth, his estate at Hynning, and the residue of his real estate, upon trust, to permit his wife to reside at the mansion, and subject thereto to the use of his son John Leonard for life, with remainder to such one of his sons as he shall appoint. He bequeaths £1000, an annuity of £300, and all his jewellery, wines, and consumable stores to his wife; £5500 upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter Eliza Shepherd; £3000, and one third of his plate to his son George; £1500 to his son William Leonard; and the remainder of his plate, and all his pictures, furniture, and effects, horses, and carriages, to go as heirlooms with his mansion house at Hynning. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his son John Leonard.

The will (dated July 21, 1892), with a codicil (dated April 17, 1894), of Major-General Sir James Johnstone, K.C.S.I., J.P., of Fulford Hall, Warwickshire, who died on June 13, was proved at the Birmingham District

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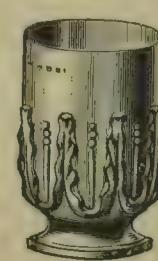
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Registry on July 24 by Sampson Samuel Lloyd, jun., the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,156. The testator devises the Fulford Hall estate in the counties of Warwick and Worcester, the Kniver estates and properties in the county of Stafford, and all other his real estate to the use of his son Richard for life, with remainder to his first and every other son, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. £4000 of the trust funds under his marriage settlement are appointed to his daughter Emma Mary, and £1000 thereof to his son Richard. He leaves £3500 upon trust for his said daughter; £4000 upon trust for her for life, or until her marriage; if she marries, the said sum is to fall into his residuary estate; but if she dies a spinster, he gives £2000 to his son Richard, and £2000 upon trust for his son Edward. He also bequeaths £2000 upon trust for his son Edward; £1000 to his sister-in-law, Mary Dearman Lloyd; his furniture and effects to be divided among his children, his eldest son taking the family portraits and heirlooms; and the residue of his personal estate to all his children in equal shares.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Edward Bignold, D.L., J.P., of Harford Lodge, Lakenham, Norwich, who died on May 19 intestate, were granted on July 23, at the Norwich District Registry, to Charles Arthur Bathurst Bignold, and the Rev. Reginald Augustus Bignold, two of the children, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,767.

The will (dated June 13, 1893), of Mr. George Arthur Jervoise Scott, J.P., D.L., of Itterfield Park, Alton, Hants, who died on March 4 at sea, was proved on Aug. 9 by Archibald Edward Scott, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £31,847.

The will of Major Thurlby Smith, retired 4th Royal Fusiliers, of Glanty House, Egham, Surrey, and 4, Notting Hill Terrace, Bayswater, who died on June 11, was proved on July 23 by Tom Smith, the brother, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9323.

The will of General Sir James William Fitzmayer, R.A., K.C.B., J.P., Knight of the Legion of Honour and Medjidie, of The Chase, near Ross, Herefordshire, who died on May 27, was proved on July 11 at the Hereford District Registry by Dame Lucy Fitzmayer, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4423.

The Iron and Steel Institute, which has been meeting in Birmingham, concluded its session with an enjoyable excursion to Kenilworth and Warwick. More than a thousand ladies and gentlemen were entertained to luncheon in the Shire Hall, Warwick, and afterwards proceeded to the Castle, where the Earl and Countess of Warwick acted as graceful hosts to the party. Sir David Dale, on behalf of the Institute, tendered the thanks of the members for their kind reception.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I must own that I like to see the stage success of the son of a clever father. The rare cleverness—I had almost said the genius—of our old friend John S. Clarke has been very closely observed by his son Wilfred Clarke. Whether the



THE QUEEN'S PRIZE, SHOEBURYNESS.

The trophy, presented by her Majesty the Queen, and won by the 1st Essex Artillery at the recent Shoeburyness Meeting, consists of a cup, beautifully chased in the Italian style. It is of sterling silver. Upon the centre panel is the inscription: "National Artillery Association, 1895. Her Majesty the Queen's Prize, Position Artillery, Won by the 1st Essex Artillery." The cup is the handiwork of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W.

play, or the couple of plays, in which this young actor has appeared at the Strand Theatre succeed or not is immaterial. The great fact is that here we have one more remarkable instance of stage heredity. Most of the best actors of the century left important legacies to the stage. At one time an attempt was made to ridicule Charles Kean simply because he was the son of his father. He could never have been an Edmund Kean, but was that any reason why praise should be denied to his delightful performances in "Louis the Eleventh," "The Corsican Brothers," "Richard the Second," and many another play made interesting by him, whether Shaksperian, classical, or modern? At any rate, he was a first-class actor. Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Ellen Terry and her accomplished sisters, Winifred Emery, Charles Warner, Henry Neville, and countless others were all the children of actors, and have art blood in their veins. The last to come among us is young Wilfred Clarke. He had not been on the stage five minutes before we remembered his father, one of the best clear-cut comedians of his time, an actor of rare ability and strong nervous force. Would that some of the younger students of acting could have seen his Bob Acres in "The Rivals"; his Dr. Pangloss in "The Heir-at-Law"; his Wellington de Boots and his Toodles, the most comical and, at the same time, grimly nervous expression of tipsiness that I have ever seen. Comedy apart, I do not think I have ever laughed more than over Robson in "Boots at the Swan," or John S. Clarke in "Toodles." The son can, of course, inherit some of his father's talent, but time alone can give him his experience. But he is on the right road. Spirit, intensity, and *verve* are in his acting. He has a comic style, and he has learned the valuable lesson to assert himself on the stage and to influence his audience. By his side we find clever and welcome Miss Mario Hudspeth, another bright girl, descended from a good old theatrical stock. It was never intended that Wilfred Clarke should do more than start a short autumn season, as the theatre has been let to Harry Paulton. But I hope we have not seen the last of this artistic young couple, and that one day they will tempt John S. Clarke on to the stage again. What a roar there would be if his voice were once more heard in the wings before entering!

The swallows are flying back to America, where they rest under hospitable eaves. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are just off, certain of success, and they will be quickly followed by Mr. John Hare and Miss Olga Nethersole. The last-named lady has already made her mark, and before starting she showed us at the Grand Theatre two things. First, her view of Camille; secondly, the earnest and capable company appointed to accompany her on her American travels. I think I have seen nearly every celebrated representative of Marguerite Gauthier, with the exception of the original Madame Doche and the hugely praised Clara Morris. I have ever regretted that a pretty long experience now never included Macready or Clara Morris. But it cannot be helped. Fate willed it that these two should be left out of my list, which embraces now the acting force of nearly half a century in the great capitals of the world. I have seen no Camille equally

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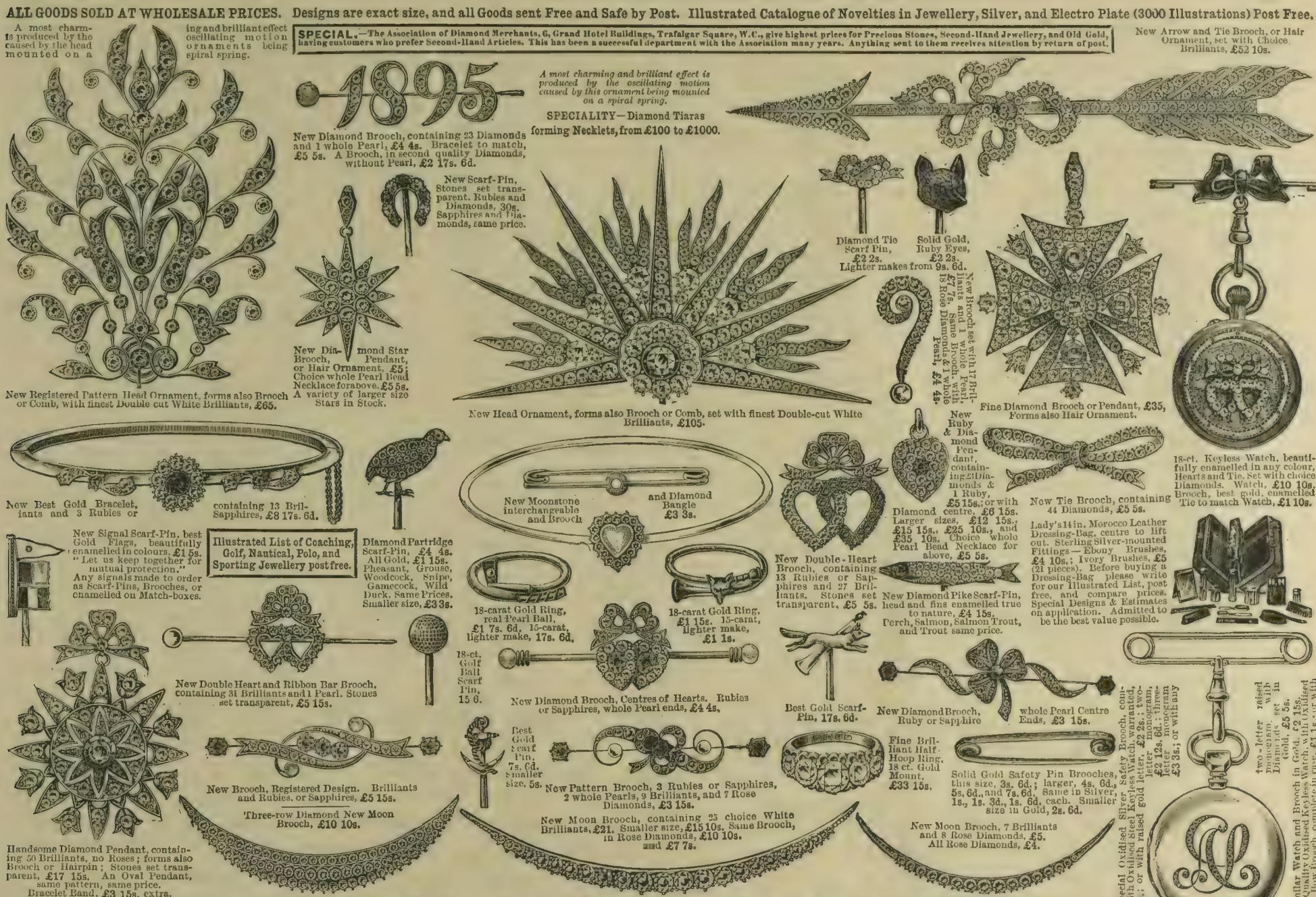
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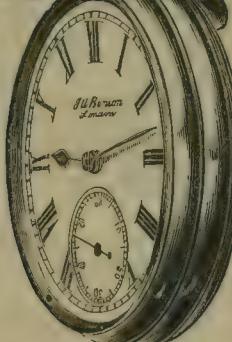
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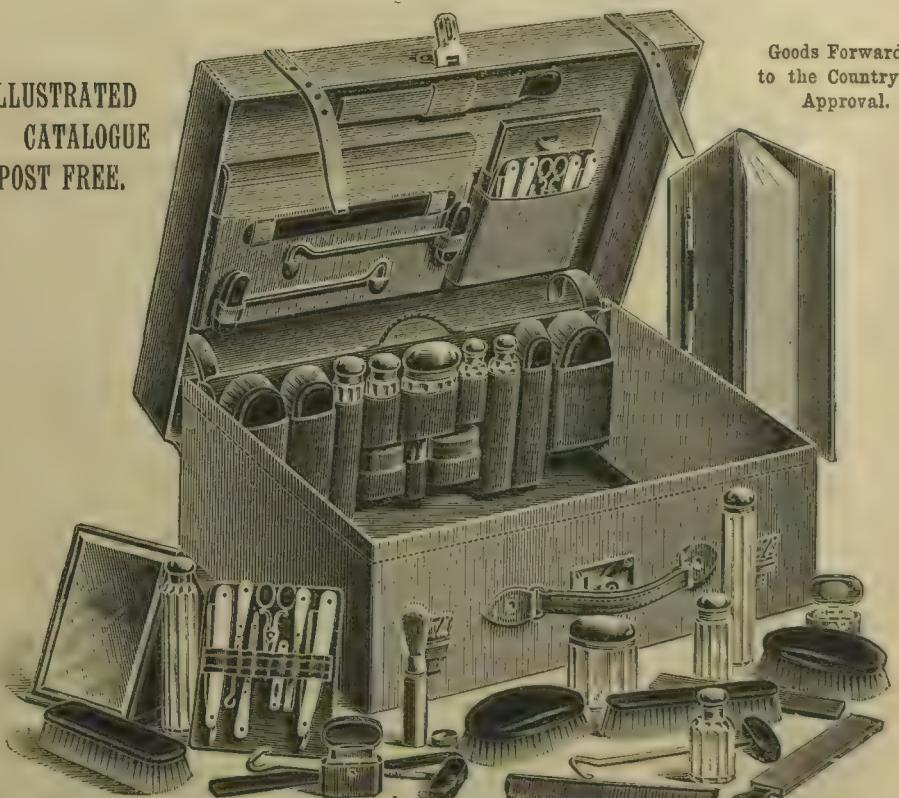
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good in every scene of this always interesting play. Jules Janin was right. The "Dame aux Camélias" may be sentimental, meretricious, what you will, but it never fails to affect an audience. It is charged with tears, and a good actress can always start the fountain. I do not think I have ever seen the portions of the play that relate to the country and idyllic life of Armand and Camille better acted than by Miss Olga Nethersole. Her scene with old Duval, with its absolute abandonment to grief, was quite admirable. This was nature itself. The woman spoke from the very bottom of her heart. The Bohemian supper party was also excellently played all round, though I should have liked to see a less healthy Camille—or, at any rate, the indication of the seeds of consumption destined to kill the frail heroine. This, I know, was not the view of Eleanora Duse, and it is, apparently, not the view of the last and one of the most interesting Camilles. Nor do I think it is quite correct to woo Armand with the passionate love and ecstatic gestures that evidently passed for love in the worldly and common-place breast of the Comte de Varville. If the object of Armand is to tempt his divinity back to the paths of comparative purity and peace; if he, with his artistic and poetic feeling, surrounded Camille with a saint-like atmosphere, then he would scarcely be consoled with the aroma of a life from which he intended to drag her. Those things apart, it is, however, a very clever, interesting, and capable performance.

A father must always be sorry to quarrel with his favourite child. No, I shall not put it in that way, for I was rather the guardian or uncle of the *Theatre* magazine for many years than its actual father. The real father was its present editor, Mr. F. W. Hawkins, who took back the child I had adopted—I regret to say, at a very great expense—and naturally enough turns round and has a fling at this same guardian. Mr. Hawkins or his anonymous critic seem to think I am "indignant" because I took up the cudgels for Mr. Augustin Daly when he was roundly abused for doing to Shakspere exactly what every Shaksprian editor has done from time immemorial, and will continue to do until the end of time. Mr. Hawkins

thinks that Mr. Daly is no Shaksprian scholar or student at all, but a mere botcher and irreverent spoiler of his plays. Hero I do not think, but I know from observation and experience, that Mr. Hawkins is wrong. I have the courage to say and affirm that Mr. Daly has done no more harm to the various Shaksprian plays he has produced than Sir Henry Irving has done in connection with his splendid productions at the Lyceum. I say and affirm that it is just as unfair to take Mr. Daly to task for editing Shakspere for the stage as it was unfair to take Sir Henry Irving to task for editing Goethe for the stage. Both were abused for so doing. Both were in my opinion unfairly abused. I had never seen "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" in my life on the stage until a few months ago, and I should in all probability never have seen it acted at all save for the Daly process of editing, correcting, omitting, yes and interpolating, without which process Shakspere would be impossible on any stage. Mr. F. W. Hawkins and his anonymous friend think that Mr. Daly as a Shaksprian editor is irreverent and impudent. I don't. It is simply a matter of opinion. I used the words "illiberal and prejudiced" in connection with the treatment of an American stage editor in the *Theatre*, and I will explain precisely why I did so. In the August number of the *Theatre*, on page 122, appears the following extraordinary and apparently editorial note—

"Why the Shahzada was sent to see an American company perform a comedy of Shakspere in London, instead of being taken to the Lyceum or to some theatre, at any rate, where plays are given in the English language, and where some respect is felt for the works of our greatest dramatic poet, is one of those mysteries that one cannot hope to solve. However, to Daly's he went, and Mr. Daly's variety entertainment, offered to the public under the title of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' he saw, and as he does not understand a word of English, and cannot be presumed to have any acquaintance with Shakspere, he doubtless enjoyed himself."

Now, if such remarks as these are not illiberal and prejudiced, I should like to know what they are? I am certain they would not commend themselves to Sir Henry

Irving, the most generous-minded and liberal manager of our time. Why should not the Shahzada go to Daly's, or why should he be compelled to go to the Lyceum, unless he was so minded, I am at a loss to conceive. Did the gentleman who penned these remarks ever hear it said that even at the Lyceum plays are not always "given in the English language"? I do not think the poor Shahzada heard such a very bad English, or elocution, for the matter of that, at this so-called American theatre. Mr. Hawkins seems anxious to inform me that his anonymous contributor is not and never has been an actor. Who ever said he was, or cared if he were an actor or not? Surely my good friend protests a little too much. No, I am not indignant, but I remain unconvinced by the comments that are supposed to crush me out of existence. In fact, I remain obstinate, if you will, but quite uncrushed.

Messrs. Macmillan have published a small, compact volume for one shilling, giving the reprinted matter from the *Times* relating to the new House of Commons. The biographies of the members lack vivacity, but gain in accuracy. Considering the mass of names and statistics, the absence of error is very praiseworthy.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., has been encouraged by the success which has rewarded many of his efforts in postal reform to send another long list of possible changes and suggestions. He now pleads for free telegraphic addresses, when not exceeding eight words; a parcel post to Japan; imperial penny postage; bicycles for the old village postman, who deserves them far more than the New Woman; and other sensible but costly innovations. Mr. Heaton keeps "pegging away" with such persistency that probably before the twentieth century dawns we shall be taking many of his hoped-for reforms as matters of fact. As to whether such energy is acceptable to the Postmaster-General and his staff, who occasionally seem anxious for "the policy of the snooze," is apparently not for the member for Canterbury to consider. He knows that public opinion is with him in most of these reforms, and that is enough to make him importunate.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

For a long time we have been hearing of a Curates' Union, which was to remedy various grievances and unite this hard-working and self-sacrificing section of the clergy. It is now announced that during the session of the next Church Congress, which will be held at Norwich from Oct. 8 to 11, the Curates' Union will be formally inaugurated. The two principal aims which animate the minds of its promoters are, first, the entire abolition of the present system of patronage in the Church of England; and, second, the abrogation of all the existing distinctions between incumbents and curates by the substitution therefor of parochial colleges of priests. There is an undoubted trend in the direction of the first idea, and certain Churchmen of influence have been claiming that now that the Disestablishment campaign has had a temporary rebuff, it would be a good opportunity to remove various weaknesses from the Church.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels have in this, the thirtieth, season of their performances, quite renewed their youth. The songs are new and capitally rendered, and

several of the jokes are first-rate. Among the sentimental ditties (which have always been a feature) is "Down on de ole Ohio Shore," very effectively rendered by E. D. Shallard. A particularly comic song is entitled, "The Laughing Nigger," which owes much to the humour of W. Matthews. The orchestra is now placed behind the choir with decided advantage. There are six juveniles, one of whom, Master Skipp, sings a solo in good style. Mr. John Kemble, who has acted as "interlocutor" for so many years, maintains his reputation, and the "corner men" have added to their repertory. St. James's Hall is lighted with electricity, and this has apparently communicated to the minstrels extra brilliancy. At all events, the whole programme, including tableaux of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is bright and popular.

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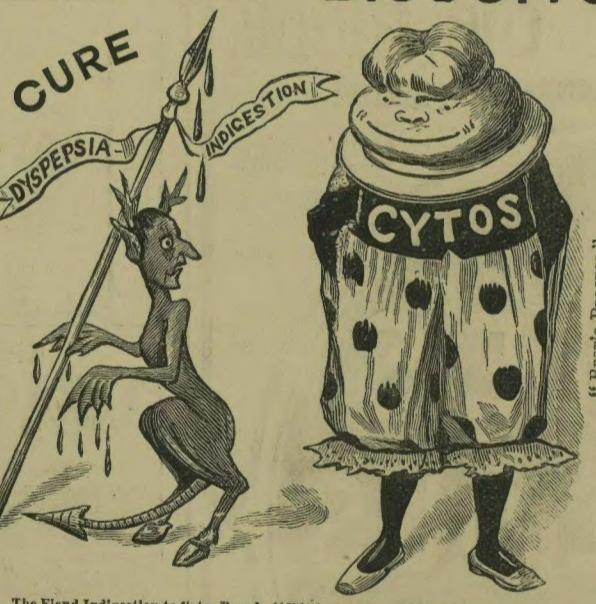
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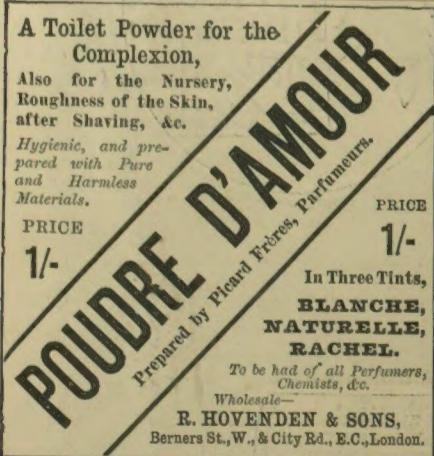


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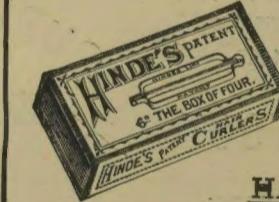
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